

Grail

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JULY 1951 • 25¢

It Takes Three To Make Love

Unless we know more than what people call the "facts of life" we can use neither marriage nor virginity happily and holily. The "facts of life" tell us little or nothing about the *mystery* of how human life is conceived and born. The mystery, of course, will always be there, because God Himself has a share in the creation of a human life.

As Father Vann says, "Married chastity consists, not in the renunciation of sex, but in the *sanctifying of sex*: which means that instead of being sought exclusively for its own sake, physical sex pleasure is ennobled by being made part of a greater personal experience, which is itself related directly to God." When two persons are married to each other they thereby become *co-partners with God for life* in the procreation of children who will become, through their care and love, future citizens of the kingdom of heaven.

The partnership of man and woman in marriage is creative. According to the teaching of sound theologians, God creates the human soul of every person at the moment the mother conceives. Every child is then the *masterpiece of three partners*—mother and father who furnish the physical make-up, and God Who creates the human soul. Sex, which is tossed about so loosely today, and has got such an ugly name, is an integral part of the sacred mystery of life. If we were to attempt to define it, we would say that *sex is a share in the creative power of God*.

Bishop Sheen sums up the beautiful mystery of human love when he says, "True lovers are never alone, for it takes not two but three to make love, and the Third is God. . . . Married love is the joining of two povertyes out of which is created a great wealth."

—Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

the GRAIL

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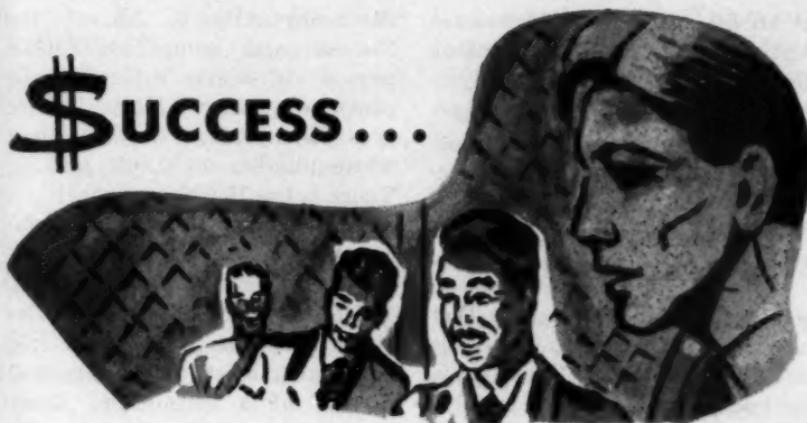
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American style....

Happiness depends
on having the right
idea of success

by adolph schalk

ONCE UPON A TIME, 1859 to be exact, a new grocery store opened its doors for business on Vesey Street in Manhattan. Red, white and blue globes dangled resplendently in its windows. A team of eight dappled gray horses drew a big red wagon through New York streets advertising the store. A prize of \$20,000 was offered to anyone who could guess the weight of the team and the wagon.

By sensational methods like

this, and by shrewd business tactics, the store became a huge success.

Thus began the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea and Coffee Company, which today has more than 13,000 stores and sales of over 4,437 million.

This story of the A & P is called the typical American "success" story.

From the time that youngsters are old enough to recite advertising slogans, this gorging of wealth

as an attainable ideal becomes a part of the very fiber of thinking and doing.

More familiar than the Pope's motto, "Peace is the work of justice," are mottoes of manufac-



tured products: "The pause that refreshes," "Drink Dr. Pepper at 10, 2 and 4 o'clock," "Be Happy, Go Lucky." Teen agers tremble before beaming parents at school exercises and mouth flowery phrases about our great American free enterprise and corporation wealth.

Large corporations spend millions of dollars on full-page coast to coast newspaper ads: "No company wants to be small... Destroy big companies and you wreck America."

Television, radio, magazines, movies, and the classroom—all repeat with endless changelessness that one cry, "Wealth and power and bigness—these are the true success."

TIME, the national news magazine, runs a cover feature, glorifying Glenn McCarthy of Texas, a man who made millions by discovering oil. "Volatile... multimillionaire wildcatter... rampant psyche... bull-like... Houston's first citizen..." These are the terms with which *TIME* endows

McCarthy. Why? All of the "works and pomps" (*TIME'S* phrase) of Glenn McCarthy. To continue quoting *TIME*: "There is McCarthy's Houston mansion, a white-pillared, \$700,000 pile... There is the 15,000-acre ranch... and McCarthy's showy and opulent new Shamrock Hotel."

With a bravado of carelessness, *TIME* continues the story of McCarthy the man: "He looks like nothing so much as a Hollywood version of a Mississippi River gambler... a cold and acquisitive eye, and a brawler's shoulder-swinging walk. He affects dark glasses, wears a diamond ring as big as a dime... and on the flat Texas highways drives his royal blue Cadillac at 100 m.p.h., often with a whiskey bottle at his side. He likes to shoot craps at \$1,000 a throw, and has a longshoreman's uninhibited propensity for bar-room fights. His... interest in literature is largely confined to oil leases."



There are thousands of examples. A common feature of many newspapers is to run a series about the leading citizens in the cities they represent. The Chicago SUN-TIMES has such a feature. The Kansas City STAR calls the feature "Leaders in Our Town." It is difficult to find mention in

such series of a hard-working social worker, or a nurse who knows how to smile in the face of nerve-wracking rows of cranky sick people. With monotonous regularity, the "leaders" are almost



exclusively big executives and business men.

Make no mistake about it—these, and not the self-sacrificing men and women of history are the heroes of our time. If you don't believe it, stand by the magazine rack at your corner drug store and listen to the teen-age chatter as they dash for the latest scandal as described in the magazines. Or talk to some of our commerce students attending our Catholic universities. You may find the presidency of Pepsi-Cola far more enticing to them as a goal than the presidency of our country.

While this fact is rather obvious, the consequences of a *philosophy of success* dominated by a prolific materialism and finance are not readily observed. But they are there just the same.

Catholics are a product of the times. If others are affected by a philosophy of superficial entertainment, speed, comfort, style, money, gadgets and "keeping up with the Joneses," Catholics are no exception. Although they are

loud in denouncing Communist materialism, the standards of success embodied in the advertising pages of the slicks have become their standards too.

Catholics all too often think of success in terms of wealth and property and power, and fail to look for success in poverty and spiritual values. For many it is difficult to think of the Gospel as being directly related to the race problem or labor problems. When Negroes, out of sheer desperation, move to a so-called "white" neighborhood, property values become more important than human values or the dignity of the souls of the Negroes who desperately need a place to live.

We take pride in the fact that Conrad Hilton, the owner of a string of hotels from coast to coast, goes to daily Mass. But the sight of a little old man from the riverfront at Mass each day makes us shudder merely because he doesn't have indoor plumbing to refine his body odor.



When a reformed drunk, a non-Catholic, recently joined a group at a weekend retreat, everyone was shocked because he made a little noise when he ate his soup, when they should have glorified God in thanksgiving because he

was finding his way to the Catholic faith.

We would much rather sit down at table with a refined bigamist than with an unwashed saint. We are more afraid of bugs than of bigamy, more interested in success than goodness.

When a lonely old bachelor died in Kansas City recently, arrangements were made to bury him in a pauper's grave, until it became known that he had a will and had left \$25,000 sewed to the tattered rags that he wore. Bankers, heirs and neighbors immediately became interested in the poor little rich man whom previously they ignored. What might have been a "failure" was now, by reason of the money he left behind, a "success."

Perhaps the time has come for a re-evaluation of success. Just consider for a moment what this mass goading of the success cry does to the human character.

First there is the yes-man. At the head of the conference table sits the boss, and around him the six or more yes-men, pencils and pads in hand. The policies uttered by the boss may be totally repugnant to the yes-men, but one by one they'll answer, "I check with you chief, check, check, check," all in the hope of some day becoming a tenth vice-president of the firm—"success."

Then there is the well-inten-

tioned family man, the father of a large family. For years he sacrifices his self-respect, all "for the sake of my family," thinking—erroneously—that by slaving away year after year he can provide things for his family, working for that future day when "success" will be truly at hand and he will be able THEN to peacefully enjoy his family. His wife goes along to parties entertaining visiting customers and tolerates the stranger's hand on her knee, thinking she will be helping her husband towards "success."

Then, when the luxuries for which the husband has worked so hard are actually his, when the television set is bought and the son has a convertible car of his own, his children have become habitues of the city jail, victims of drink, involved in abortion, venereal disease and automobile wrecks. He can no longer enjoy, this father, the "success" he has worked so hard to attain. If you doubt this, talk with your local social workers and police officials. You will be surprised, I think, to find the alarming trend of crime, not among the poor, but among well-to-do teen-agers. Much of this is caused by negligent parents, too busy becoming "successful."

This false idea of "success," linked as it is with profit-taking, has invaded every field of human

endeavor. Of the more than 10 million factory employees in America today, the two million in the building trades, and the two hundred thousand engineers, how many of them can hold up their hands and say they take pride in the craftsmanship of their work? Of course, many of them are engaged in work so specialized that they haven't the slightest idea of what they are helping to produce. But the others will admit the weighted silks, the bulk of patent-medicine traffic (Hadacol costs about four cents a bottle, sells for over a dollar), jerry-built bungalows (go out and talk to the carpenters some time), shoes that dissolve into paper, rickety furniture veneered by varnish.

Everything has its price, and success is no exception. Some years ago the following story appeared in the back pages of a newspaper:

In 1923 several of the world's most successful financiers met at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, including the greatest wheat speculator, a member of the president's cabinet, and the head of the world's greatest monopoly. Together, these tycoons controlled

more wealth than there was in the United States treasury. For years newspapers and magazines were publishing their success stories.

Twenty-five years later, what had happened to these men?

The president of the largest independent steel company—Charles Schwab—lived on borrowed money the last five years of his life and died penniless.

The greatest wheat speculator, Arthur Cutten, died abroad, insolvent. The president of the New York Stock Exchange, Richard Whitney, was recently released from Sing Sing. The head of the world's greatest monopoly, Ivar Kreuger, committed suicide.

Though to the world, all of these men were "successful," to themselves they were only failures. They had learned how to make money but not how to live. It is true, however, that many wealthy men die respectably, but Catholics should not be fooled by worldly success. They need the goods of this world in order to attain the goals of the next world. True success consists in using these goods but not in aiming our lives as though they were the only reality.

Blame not till thou hast heard the excuse; more just reproof shall be when thou hast learnt all. Listen first, then answer, never breaking in when the tale is half told.

Ecclesiasticus

CURTAIN TIME FOR CATHOLICS

by john gerken, o.s.b.

THE WHOLE THING began a little more than a year ago on the sixth floor of the Court Building in downtown Evansville. In the offices of Catholic Charities a group of girls pounded typewrit-



AON

ers during regular hours and after 5:00 gulped milk and sandwiches (minus crusts), powdered their noses, and raced over to practice in the local drama club. (It's a lot cheaper to act in a play than it is to watch one, you know, and it's more fun, too—at least, they thought so). The Reverend Boss of Catholic Charities, Father Charles Schoettelkotte, kept his paternal eye cocked on the after-hours activity of his staff. While he liked their interest and their spirit of cooperation, he wondered, "Why just a civic drama club? Why not a Christian group? Huge ideas ran through his mind . . . first night . . . a big production . . . better community spirit . . .

Acting in a play is more fun than watching one. That's what the members of the Evansville Catholic Theatre Guild found out by experience.



more Catholic acquaintances . . . in fine, a Catholic Theatre Guild was in the making.

Within a few days the new theatre group was the girls' main topic of discussion in the office, over blue-plate specials at lunch, and over midnight snacks at Evansville drive-ins. But they didn't stop at talking. They began making contacts, planning, and typing hundreds of letters. The contacts were made with men capable of giving direction to the group. Under that direction a membership drive was launched which reached all the Catholics who might be just a wee bit interested. The drive was a success. Over a hundred enthusiasts, followers of the ancient Saint Genesius, were on their way to win fame as members of an amateur theatre organization.

Almost every occupation was listed among those who applied for membership. There was a doctor of internal medicine, an optometrist, a young lawyer. There were nurses, housewives, office clerks, postmen, railroaders, truck-drivers, carpenters, and one lady's lingerie saleswoman. Some of these had had experience in dramatics. Others were simply interested and willing to give their time to learn. Requirements for membership were neither too many nor too limiting. First and most important was that the in-

dividual be a practicing Catholic. The minimum age was set at eighteen, while a single dollar was to be paid each year in dues.

This checkered group of men and women met for the first time in February. At this general meeting, in which future plans were discussed, the three basic aims of the group were formed. As written into the constitution, they were: 1) give honor and glory to God; 2) foster Catholic friendships; and 3) present good Christian entertainment to the public.

On the feast of Saint Benedict, March 21, the little group had come of age and made a beginning. Within a week things began to hum. The board of directors decided on a cute comedy, entitled, "Jenny Kissed Me." While all the girls were dreaming of playing Jenny, the business manager and his deceptive crew prowled around seeking whom they could devour. By March 28 all the main roles in the play had been filled.

Then began those horrible things which plague the lives of all would-be actors—rehearsals. Rehearsals were under way every night at 7:30 and continued without a break until 11 o'clock. The players spent four weeks on "blocking"—being in the right place at the right time and always remaining visible to the audience. The final two weeks were spent on interpretation, and these last-min-

ute brush-ups often lasted on into the morning. They were hard, rough, boring. But the cast had its goal in mind, a wonderful first night, and looking forward to the Guild's first production made everything easier.

The technicians were just as busy. In six weeks they had to design and construct a set, map out and wire the lighting system, prepare costumes, and gather together all the props. Postmen, druggists and bobby-soxers sawed wood, hammered nails, and shinnied up and down ladders to make a home for Jenny. It was new for them, and the diversion was fun. Besides, they were doing their part to make the play a success.

When the big night arrived, everything, surprisingly, was ready. The acting and lines were tops. The set was perfect. The curtain opened on the Guild's first production, and when it closed the full house was laughing and cheering the great success.

Evansville's morning paper, *The Courier*, found Leah Bodine Drake awarding orchids to Jenny and her players. "I haven't seen better acting in the Coliseum's 'legit' shows this past year than was displayed by this brand-shining-new bunch of 'play-actors'... If the Catholic Theatre Guild is going to keep up the pace that it started with, it is setting one that will be hard to beat." In the evening

Press Bish Thompson from his 'Aisle Seat' lauded the Guild's first try. When Bish Thompson and Leah Drake agreed, it had to be good.

The group, overjoyed at its first success, did not sit down and admire, but went right to work planning productions for the coming year. Mrs. John Carroll, who has her master's degree in Dramatics, conducted an 8-week course, covering diction, pantomime, acting, stage technique, make-up, and costuming. The classes were held every Tuesday night in the basement of the Catholic Youth Club. These weekly sessions were strictly business—"Come prepared or stay home." As a result of these sessions Mrs. Carroll greatly improved the technical ability of the group and came up with at least half a dozen capable directors.

On Sept 10 came another 3 act play, "Years Ago," which equalled "Jenny's" popularity and success. As the Guild increased its membership and social activities, it decided to make the next production a series of one act plays—affording more members a chance to act. These three, "The Happy Journey to Camden and Trenton," by Wilder, "Devil's Bridge" by Gheon, and "The Fisherman," by Jonathan Tree, had such success that they are due for a re-call. Then in January they booked the *Players Inc.*, from Washington, D.C.,

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with their highly polished "Much Ado About Nothing." It played to a record box office.

Even their social affairs are always highlighted by some dramatic production, be it a reading, a musical, an act, a scene, or a little siege of pantomime.

To further the work and give it permanency, early in May, 1951, the Guild began to build a home. The authorities at Reitz Memorial High School were persuaded to donate a lot on its property. For lumber the Guild purchased an old oak barn. Plans for the new workshop were drawn up—a cottage 30' x 48', and the week-end carpenters and amateur contractors set to work under the direction of Al Keller, the building superintendent. After a few days of experience, all construction work became strictly stag!

The men worked every Saturday and at odd times during the week, pouring concrete, etc., to beat the June 1 deadline. Then the gentler sex took over, painting the walls, varnishing the furniture and rubbing down the old piano. (To raise the necessary \$2000 to cover construction costs the financial committee sold \$5 shares to the active and inactive members. With every share there went a gilt-edged bond and a refund guarantee.)

The finished product consisted of a large open floor space which

can be partitioned into practice rooms or thrown open for big shindigs. Two open galleries on both sides above the floor afford storage space for props and extra room for practice.

The Guild by its first birthday had steadily increased its membership from the 60 founders to 200 active members with over 400 inactives. From the Wall Street angle they have accumulated \$1000 worth of valuable properties and costumes, and a permanent spot for practice and social activity.

But all these endeavors have not been without failure. The Big Benefit Ball turned out to be a deficit affair. The gay moonlit excursion on the Ohio, which was to be highlighted by a special programme in true Showboat style, had to be cancelled because a heavy fog on the Ohio delayed the S. S. Avalon up the river. And there is the constant problem of keeping all the members active and interested and willing to help. But such things have been taken in stride, and at its first birthday the Guild is flourishing and is alive with plans and activity.

The Catholic Theatre Guild of Evansville is only one of the many parish units and community guilds that have rediscovered the "living stage." In the last 15 years, the astonishing increase of summer and community theatres has indicated a general theatrical

renaissance. In 1937 the *Catholic Theater Conference* was organized to provide the leadership necessary to make this revival *Christian*. Now, after 14 years, the CTC embraces 500 groups (colleges, high school, parish, and community). In the 1947-50 season at least 20 of these community groups were active, averaging 3 or 4 productions a year. In a hurried glance, we find such clubs as the Blackfriars Guild and the Carroll Club in New York; the Cathedral Square Players in Cleveland; The Catholic Theatre of Detroit; The Thespian Guild of Montreal, Canada; The Catholic Theatre Guilds in Louisville and San Francisco; and other groups in Syracuse, Kansas City, Dayton, Rochester, Duluth, and Jersey City.

Only two rules are required for these dramatic clubs to belong to the Catholic Theatre Conference: "1) that the groups be Catholic, and, 2) that they foster the spread of Truth through dramatic art." The success of all Catholic Theatre Groups depends upon these two principles, but perhaps the extraordinary success of the Evansville group can be attributed especially to a third aim which stresses the social idea—to foster Catholic friendships.

Sad experiences prove that Catholic groups must maintain 100% pure *Catholic* membership.

For example, there is a 'Catholic' group in a large midwestern city which has failed so far to produce anything praiseworthy. The reason? Catholics who are either out of the Church or who no longer practice their religion have worked their way into the group and have drained its spirit by their selfish interests and their lack of Christian ideals.

But there seem to be more groups that have limited their influence and success because they have overstressed the dramatic interest. One Southern group which has been active for almost 20 years is hardly appreciated in its home town and suffers from a lack of cooperation, chiefly because it seems to be more a profession than a recreation. There is a Western group which centers too much on the work and rule of an active priest who runs the whole show. He even suggests that his departure will be the end of his guild.

From the very beginning, Evansville has had a *social* group, made up of honest-to-goodness *living* people, active Catholics, who love to get together for a good time and have Christianity and dramatics as their common interest. This predominantly *social* character affords a wider field for the work of Catholic action and seems to be the fountain of the Guild's spirit.



FAVORITE FAMILY PHOTOS

Happiness Begins With Three

No doubt but baby is the center of attraction here. He is also, in spite of the long line of diapers in the backyard, a first fruit of love and a constant fount of joy.

We offer \$5.00 for all photos accepted. Unposed, human interest snapshots of the family are preferred.

SUDS IN YOUR E

by **rosemarian staudacher**

Do soap operas on the radio relieve the tedium of housework

MENTION THE WORDS "soap operas" in the presence of a group of women and almost without fail you will divide that group into two bitterly opposed factions —those who "can't stand soap operas" and those who "wouldn't miss them for the world." Few women are indifferent where these sobbing sagas of the airlanes are concerned.

According to figures compiled in 1946, an average of 20 million women listen to more than 40 soap operas each day. This is about half the women who are at home and have radios. Some listeners hear a maximum of 28 serials a day. One fourth of all network daylight time is devoted to them. In fact, of all network daylight time paid for by advertisers in 1949, 57.1% was devoted to serials. The Na-

tional Broadcasting Company airs 12 serials in a row. This is in accordance with the "block listening" theory that women do not find it worth while to turn their radios on for just one or two fifteen minute stories. It adheres also to the "mood listening" theory which holds that when women want sorrow and misery on the radio, they want only sorrow and misery and they want it in big servings.

Soap operas, fondly termed daytime serials and serial dramas by their advocates and sardonically tagged "soapers," "washboard weepers" and "cliffhangers" by their opponents, began to flourish about 1930. By 1943 the combined annual income of NBC and CBS from the soapers was \$30,000,000.

The 1950 Broadcasting-Tele-

R E Y E



.....and bolster the morale of housewives?

casting Yearbook notes the following: "On a cost-per-listener basis, daytime serials are by far the most efficient vehicle for the advertiser, according to the Nielsen calculations, which show this type of program reaching on the average 628 homes per dollar spent for time and talent. One program of this class reached 865 homes per dollar and even the lowest of the 28 daytime serials included in this report reached 200 homes per dollar." It is easy to see why the sponsors of serial dramas favor them and have done everything possible to promote them.

Housewives, interviewed from time to time, give vastly different but always interesting reasons for listening.

Advocates of the soap operas say that the tearful dramas relieve

the tedium of housework. One homemaker complained that she has 14 hours of "work on her hands and nothing on her mind." Other radio fare does not fill the bill for her. Garden tips are too limited. She has no time to write down recipes. News and hints are too quickly over. Modern music is too repetitious. Classical music cannot hold her attention. If her mind is unoccupied, it turns to "much self-pity and much bitter cogitation on the sad lot of women." This is an interesting commentary on the modern woman.

Another housewife maintained that the serials "teach valuable lessons in living." For example, one can learn how to cope with a troublesome mother-in-law.

Other reasons given for listening were that the soapers supplant

reading, thus saving the eyes and time; they take one's mind off one's troubles; they create pleasant anticipation and suspense and satisfy the natural appetite for entertainment. They help dispel loneliness.

Opponents and critics of the serial dramas have answers for many of the pet claims of the avid listeners.

Perhaps the most outstanding critic is Dr. Louis Berg, well-known New York psychiatrist, who published pamphlets in 1942 in which he launched a vicious attack against soap operas. Dr. Berg found that some of his patients who had been completely cured, began to have relapses. He discovered that they listened regularly to daytime serials and decided to listen to them himself. He found them to be "full of sex, jealousy, pain, rage, frustration, and insecurity." They offered housewives a "parade of adultery, insanity, suicide, and rankling hatred....

"Truly," said Dr. Berg, "the authors have screened the emotional sewers for their material. The serials just reek with twisted and morbid suggestions. They deal with the dark alleys of human corruption. They appeal to the lowest instincts."

Dr. Rudolf Arnheim, of Columbia University, in a study of soap operas, pointed out that they shy

away from social significance. Ordinary working people seldom appear in the dramas. If a man fails to get a job, it is not because jobs are scarce but because an enemy is conspiring against him.

"Serials deprecate learning," said Dr. Arnheim. "Ma Perkins with her homely wisdom solves problems that baffle the experts. Radio is presented as a cultural influence but newspapers are usually bad; newspaper editors distort news because of personal vendettas and reporters are wolves who take sadistic delight in exposing the missteps of well meaning people. Perfect justice may always be expected in the soap opera eventually but there is no explanation of why it obtains. Even God, who might get the credit, is rarely mentioned."

Perhaps the greatest indictment of the serials was made by a soap opera writer herself. In 1949, Mona Kent, who had been writing the script for "Portia Faces Life" for nine years, published a novel entitled *Mirror on the Wall*.

The novel tells the story of a girl who wrote soap operas and attempted to live by the formula of her heroine. In doing so, she ruined the lives of her husband, son and lover.

To reporters who inquired why she had "betrayed" Portia, Miss Kent explained that she had written the novel as a kind of protest.

"I have been torn between the nice living I've made out of radio and the sense of shame I have at turning out the kind of stuff women listeners demand," she said. Whenever she tried making Portia "more rounded," the flood of protests and the cascading Hooper rating sent her rushing back to "the shelter of the nearest clump of cliches."

In a New York Herald Tribune interview, Miss Kent told reporters: "When I think of that big, listening ear out there, I think how wonderful it would be if some writer could find a formula for giving women the substance and not the shadow of life."

A survey of serial dramas currently being aired produces evidence that sex is indispensable to soap operas, but it is handled with extreme care. Most listeners would not take it unadorned. A villain, lusting for the leading lady, dare not ask for more than a kiss, but in the interests of audience understanding, he may pant hoarsely into the microphone.

Soap operas are usually humorless. They are basically tear-jerkers and any small amount of happiness allowed to creep in is always immediately snowed under with abundant woe. Characters are colorless types—very good, very bad, very weak. Serials are designed to flatter their feminine listeners and for this reason, good



characters are likely to be women, and bad characters men. They are as private as diaries and invite listeners to participate vicariously in tragedy, disappointment, fear, hatred and any number of morbid experiences. The most frequently used sound effect is a barely repressed sob.

The plots always lack variety—the suffering heroine is ever present; the benign matron is a permanent fixture. An organist with a feeling for woe is essential. The announcer is a friendly philosopher.

Devices used in the plots for prolonging suspense are tedious and hackneyed. One character in a story took 17 days to get thru a revolving door. The 17 days were occupied with flashbacks of her life. Friday serial episodes are designed to leave the listener in a frenzied lather of suspense over the weekend.

Production of the sob sagas is handled by advertising agencies.

Many an agency conference goes into the planning of a serial story. Representatives of the advertiser and of the agency who attend these conferences are often intelligent, charming people whose air is one of genial cynicism. Possibly the single exception to this tongue-in-cheek attitude is the writer. Some writers take their "art" seriously.

If an actress quits, the agency conference people must find a way to get her out of the script without shocking the listeners. A convenient fatal disease is an excellent solution. No common disease will do—heart attacks, cancer, tuberculosis are out—they may strike too near home for listeners. A brain tumor, somewhat uncommon, is a favorite fatal disease—but not at Christmas.

Tons of letters addressed to fictional characters guide the advertising agency in determining audience reaction. A group of housewives submitted a round robin letter to young Dr. Malone urging him to return to his wife. In 1940, when a fictional couple was married, the Columbia Broadcasting System was the recipient of three truckloads of gifts, including expensive sterling silver and crystal.

The actual writing and production of soap operas is big business. One advertising agency has produced as many as 11 serials at once—approximately six million



words a year. This requires a large staff of dialoguers and scripters.

Psychiatrists have advanced several theories concerning the fatal fascination of the soapers for housewives. Dr. Arnheim has said that listeners are fascinated to recognize themselves with all their faults in the weak characters. Then they detach themselves from the weak characters and identify themselves with the strong, good ones.

Dr. Herta Herzog of Columbia University declared that women who wanted to cry and felt silly doing so, could cry with pleasure listening alone to serials.

"...the question might be raised whether the temporary emotional release obtained from listening to other people's troubles will not, in the long run, have to be paid for by intensified sense of frustration and by the listener being rendered still more incapable of realizing emotional experiences

outside the story," said Dr. Herzog.

One woman interviewed by Dr. Herzog stated that Dr. Brent of "Road of Life" was like a second husband to her and declared: "After all, I can get married only once. I would love to have some more husbands."

Stacking and weighing the facts, one finds that soap operas are, as Fortune magazine has aptly put it, an "excessively shabby art." They are morally bad, dramatically sloppy, artistically feeble and emotionally absurd. Yet they utilize

more daylight radio listening time than any other type of program.

What to do about it? Letters to radio networks, stations, advertisers, and the FCC could do much to hasten the day of better programs. Unless listeners take matters into their own hands and express their disapproval, it is not likely that much will be done about the serials. As long as listeners are content to accept soap operas without protest, networks are apt to serve them up with little regard for the real welfare of the radio audience.

**Let us thank God
that He makes us live
among the present problems...**

**it is no longer permitted
to anyone
to be mediocre.**

Pius XI

RED RIBBONS ON THE FAUCET

happiness,
Susan discovered,
comes to us in moments . . .
in those small packages of time
bursting at the seams
with gladness . . .
like First Communion day.

SUSAN KENNEDY set the last infinitesimal stitch in the filmy hem of Kay-Donna's First Communion frock, pushed a moist strand of hair out of her eyes, and looked up, blinking a little after her intense concentration. The sun still slanted warm and golden across the grass, throwing velvety blue shadows down the driveway and behind the clumps of barberry and roses. In the side yard, Susan's baby laundry hung dry and white as clouds, bleached by the hot May sun. Momentarily her gaze followed line after line of thin gauze diapers, kimonos, crib blankets, and tiny wispy dresses smocked in pink or blue.

"I'm a terrible housewife," Susan thought, with characteristic candor, remembering her sink full of dishes, "but I do take good care

of the children, I think.... And how can anyone with five children, all under seven, keep a spotless house, anyway?"

The question was a sore spot. Susan's and Philip's aunts—and they were numerous—all, it appeared, knew countless young wives with large families who maintained big houses in immaculate order. Susan scrubbed and waxed floors rather oftener than most women because the children tracked them up so quickly, and she washed daily, and ironed clothes during every spare half-hour—without ever quite emptying the clothes hamper of soiled things or the basket of clean starched laundry. In spite of her rules, toys spilled from the playroom into the living room. Aunt Jane had once, to her great dis-

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may, sat down on a handful of jackstones and a toy truck with its wheels up. This was one of the more delightful memories of the Kennedy boys, aged five and nearly four. Their sense of humor was often, Susan reflected, crude rather than discriminating.

Thinking of them was prophetic. They pelted toward her across the yard with what Susan called "that locust look" in their fringed blue eyes. Sure enough:

"We're hungry, Mama."

"Is supper ready yet, Mama?"

"I'm sorry, little monkeys." Susan winked at them affectionately. "Don't touch sister's dress, Ricky. —I'm starting for the kitchen right this minute."

"Is that Kay-Donna's Com-Communion dress?" Randy was the

older and the more thoughtful of the two.

Preoccupied, Susan hadn't heard clearly. "Her what, Randy?"

"Communion dress," Randy repeated. "Is it, Mama?"

"It's Communion, Randy. You've mistaken the word."

"Oh!—I thought it meant she wore it to—well, to come in, in. She said they'd come in the big doors, and go up the aisle, and pretty soon come in the little gate in the fence across the front, and kneel down in front of the altar. So I thought it was Come-in-ion, Mama. See?"

"Yes, honey, I see. It was a natural mistake. But the word is *Communion*. Kay-Donna is going to receive Jesus tomorrow! Isn't that wonderful?"

"Will Kay-Donna be an angel

after that, and grow wings?" Ricky demanded.

"Of course not," said Randy scornfully. "How would she sleep, with a big bunch of feathers on her back?"

"Dicky sleeps," Ricky said simply. "Dicky has feathers all over him, except on his feet and his little mouth that sticks out."

"Well, stupid, Dicky's a *bird*."

"Randy," Susan's tone was reprobating. "Don't call your little brother ugly names like stupid."

"Even when he is?"

"Making a mistake doesn't always mean the person is stupid."

Randy obviously remembered about the Communion dress. He tousled Ricky's dark curls with a gesture like his Daddy's. "C'mon, Rick, let's get washed for supper."

Susan followed, smiling a little, and spread Kay-Donna's dress carefully on the bed before putting on her apron.

"What's for chow, honey?" Philip, the head of the family, had burst in, and was now tipping Susan's head back for a kiss, clasping his arms around her slim waist.

"Nothing much," Susan told him impishly. "Your flattery's wasted, sir."

"*Nothing* smells good," retorted Philip wickedly. "Boys, did you know *nothing* could smell so much like Mama's Spanish rice?"

Susan finished drying a coffee

cup. "There! We've enough dishes to eat on. Round up Kay-Donna and Jill, honey, and I'll start serving plates as soon as I give Michael his bottle."

Kay-Donna, at almost seven, was a green-eyed golden blonde. Her brothers had inherited their father's mop of cloudy curls, but Kay-Donna's hair had no need of waves to be lovely. It was a silk floss, and pure, shining gold in the sun.

She looked now, anxiously, at her mother. "I'm hungry, Mama, but is it all right for me to eat? Sister said we mustn't eat anything, or drink water after midnight—"

"Nor I. But now that you mention it, I'm thirsty, too!"

At her father's wild whoop, she blushed in confusion. "It isn't quite midnight, moppet," Philip stated solemnly, elaborately consulting the kitchen clock. "Let's see—I know Mama is late tonight, but if you eat with a spoon in one hand and a fork in the other, you might get enough food to hold you till 9:00 the next morning."

Kay-Donna giggled. "Oh, Daddy, you're funny. But, *really*, Mama, I might forget about the drink, so mark the faucet somehow so I'll remember."

"I'll put a big red ribbon on it," Susan promised. "I saw one around the other day, from a package, and I knew we'd want it for

something eventually. This is such a lovely use for it that I hope the ribbon feels like the ass in that poem of Chesterton's:

Ah, but I, too, have had my hour—

A far, fierce hour, and sweet;
There were cries about my head
And palms beneath my feet....
Doesn't it go something like that?"

"I don't see any connection, Mother," said Kay Donna after a blank moment.

"I do," said Philip.

Susan threw him a quick, companionable smile—often her comparisons *were* far-fetched, but he always understood them—whisked Jill into her high chair, served her with scrambled eggs, and then set plates of Spanish rice and salad at the other places.

"Brown bread and butter," Ricky chanted, "for Little Tommy Tucker!"

"I'm a Tommy, too," chimed in Randy, and Kay-Donna's eyes crinkled with sudden mirth. "I'm a Thomasine," she announced.

Susan handed slices of buttered bread around the table. "All right now. Suppose you say the blessing, Ricky."

"Bless us 'n' bless this food. Amen." Ricky did not believe in wasting words or gestures. He made the Sign of the Cross with both hands, flicking his head and collar bone, and finishing simul-

taneously with one hand on each shoulder. Philip had once observed that Randy and Ricky could revolutionize ritual, and no doubt speed up Church services to at least one half their usual length.

"We went to confession yesterday. The whole class went," confided Kay-Donna for the dozenth time. "I was scared, but it was Father Nicky, so I stopped being scared and just told him all the things I'd done bad and was sorry for. There were a lot of them. Like not minding, and then pretending I hadn't heard what you said, and the time I bit Randy on the leg and told Daddy it was Rover. Father Nicky always sees why people do things like that, and you know what? He even knew Daddy wasn't fooled a bit!"

Susan nodded, with an expression of appropriate surprise, privately doubting the seemliness of addressing young Father Nicholson as Father Nicky. But the children in Elm City all did it, and with shrill enthusiasm swung onto him as he walked down the street. Well—so long as Father Nicky himself didn't mind.... The smile in his eyes, amused and companionable, and tender, when he glanced at a child, was all the assurance the shyest tyke needed to unfold his most precious secrets for Father Nicky to share. In a way, the youngsters were right: Father Nicky was one of them

and, as such, deserved a nickname of their affectionate bestowal—from children, an accolade.

When supper was finished, Susan was tired. She lingered a moment or two over a third cup of coffee, unable to force herself to start baths although bedtimes were already late.

"I'll take Jill and the boys, hon," Philip offered, "but Kay-Donna needs your expert touch for First Communion."

"Oh, Phil, you're a gold-winged seraph!" Susan sighed gratefully. "I think Ricky and Randy slid up and down the coal pile all afternoon for recreation. They look like it."

"Just as a matter of scientific curiosity," Philip stated, "I'd like to see Ricky and Randy sliding up the coal pile."

Susan stuck out her tongue at him, took the last swallow of her coffee, and prepared to scrub Kay-Donna's sturdy little body to a brown and pink cleanliness worthy of first Communion-Sunday.

"My red bows, Mama! My red bows!"

Susan snipped lengths of the ribbon with her sewing scissors, and tied big butterfly bows on the faucets of sink and bathroom. Kay-Donna was enchanted.

"Oh, Mother, they're *beautiful!* Tomorrow will be—just like red ribbons, won't it?"

Impulsively, Susan hugged the

star-eyed sprite against her heart. "Just like red ribbons, darling," she agreed....

* * *

"Heavens, Sue! Dishes at this hour of the night?"

"I'll hate having them to do in the morning," Susan said. "Usually I don't mind one way or the other. But not tomorrow!"

"I'll dry, then."

"Oh, don't bother, honey. I'll use the drainer. Why don't you read the paper while I finish up here and press Kay-Donna's dress and veil?"

"O.K." Philip wandered off toward the living room, and she heard the paper rattle, and the couch creak as he sprawled out on it.

Pressing Kay-Donna's delicate veil with loving skill, Susan wondered if perhaps the Sisters who acted as sacristans did not feel as she did at this moment. For tomorrow her child would be a living chalice, pure and stainless, more precious than gold, for the eternal Host....

"I'm so tired I creak, and so thirsty I croak;" Susan swallowed dryly as she switched off the light and slid wearily into bed. "That peppery Spanish rice!"

"I'll get you a drink if you want me to."

"It's ten minutes after midnight, Phil. I couldn't miss Holy

Communion on Kay-Donna's great day."

They laughed a little, ruefully, and then Susan began their bedtime prayers: "Hail Mary, full of grace...."

* * *

The little boys marched proudly in their white suits, clear-eyed and straight; the little girls were ethereally lovely, like small angels in their floating frocks. Susan saw Kay-Donna's flower face, framed in the gold silk of her hair under the ruffled crown that held her veil. An emotion of awe seized her, that this small, incredibly lovely creature with the expectancy, the glory, in her eyes, could be her child.

"God gave her to us," she thought, and slowly, humbly, "*We* gave her to Him." The mystery of creation! For this purpose, that she might know, and love, and serve God, now and forever, had Kay-Donna Kennedy been born, the handiwork of God and of her human parents—as are all human beings, a masterpiece of artistry beyond mere mortal skill....

Tears blurred Susan's eyes. Through rainbow prisms, she saw Kay-Donna returning from the altar, her small hands devoutly clasped. A ray of sunshine fashioned a halo, momentarily, out of her shining hair. So would Kay-Donna look in heaven, adoring God, reverencing His Blessed

Mother, venerating the angels and the saints.

Susan knelt beside Philip at the Communion railing, her thirst and weariness forgotten, her soul crying out to her Divine Guest: "Be always with her, Lord. Keep her always as pure as she is this moment. Keep her true to her baptismal vows, renewed this holy morning...."

And then Mass was over, and Susan was setting the table for breakfast. "Have bacon and toast with us, Anne?" she asked the neighbor girl who had "sat" with the younger children.

"No thanks, Mrs. Kennedy. I've got to hurry or I'll be late to the 9:30 Mass. Kay-Donna looks darling! Bye, everybody!"

"Oh, Mama, it was... it was..." Words failed her. "Not like red ribbons at all. More like being happy and knowing it won't ever end. Is that heaven, Mama?"

"As nearly as you can reach it on earth, darling."

Kay-Donna set her First Communion candle, in its crystal candlestick, in the center of the table, then stood on tiptoe to kiss Susan and Philip.

"I saw you receiving Jesus, too, Mother—Daddy, and I knew it was for me." Her voice was soft, and a little shy. "It's the nicest present anyone gave me for First Communion." She went over to the sink, and then hesitated. "I

was going to untie it, but I think I'll leave it on, instead. Maybe today is like red ribbons, after all, all gay and happy and graceful like red silky butterflies.—Jeepers! I better get out of this dress, hadn't I, Mama?"

As she went upstairs to change her clothes for breakfast, Philip smiled at Susan. "Is this really our child? I never had such profound thoughts even on First Communion Day. Maybe we have another Little Flower here!"

"Maybe," Susan smiled back at him, "but I'll wager St. Kay-Donna of Elm City, Indiana, will presently appear in jeans and T-shirt.—Listen, Phil! What did I tell

you?"

"Randy! Hey, Randy!" Kay-Donna was calling from the open window of the girls' bedroom upstairs. "I'll be right down to practice baseball as soon as I can get my jeans on. I bet Jesus would like to play baseball. He used to be a little boy Himself, you know!"

"Sure, He can play," Randy said matter-of-factly, as if they were discussing a familiar playmate. "But if He's helping you, I ought to get four strikes instead of three before I'm out."

There was a moment's pause. "O.K.," said Kay-Donna resignedly. "I guess that's only fair."

Philadelphia: Dr. Mark Dawber once stopped at a filling station. He inquired of the tall, seedy looking man who appeared, "What community is this?"

The man looked puzzled and said, "What do you mean 'community'?"

"Oh," said Dr. Dawber, "a community is a place where people live together and work and play together and do things together for the common good."

"Umph!" grunted the man. "This ain't a community. This here's a place!"

Spark

PARISH PRIEST of ARS



Again Miss Windeatt has made successful use of the autobiographical style. This time she brings to her young readers the story of St. John Marie Vianney, the Cure of Ars. An authentic presentation of his struggle to attain to the Priesthood and the colorful experiences that followed his ordination, this book aims at encouraging priestly vocations. Vividly portrayed are the Saint's miracles, his conversions, his battles with Satan, and the extraordinary circumstances that led him to heroic sanctity. Illustrated by Gedge Harmon. 164 pages. Price \$2.00.

THE GRAIL Office

St. Meinrad, Indiana

LITTLE SISTER

Blessed Imelda lived only eleven years! And yet she became a Saint—the Patroness of First Communicants. This is a story of surprising events. The touching climax cannot but have a lasting effect. Especially recommended for First Communicants but also for their parents and teachers. Full page illustrations by Gedge Harmon. 85 pages. Price \$1.50.

THE GRAIL Office

St. Meinrad, Indiana



CHRIST... or *Cupid*

"LOVE IS BLIND"

people say, but what they really means is,

"LUST IS BLIND"

true love is a glorious vision.

GOD IS LOVE, and love is godlike. The ancient pagans symbolized love by a blind babe, and, like many pagan symbols, it contained a prophecy of deeper significance than the lovers of Athens or Rome could understand.

Until Christ raised the union of man and woman to the dignity of a Sacrament, love was indeed passionately blind and immature. With some noble exceptions, love with the pagans was no more than the exaltation of a physical thrill, ending in what Catullus, the dilettante in such matters, called the perpetual night of endless sleeping. Not the least of Christ's miracles was the healing of that blind babe, Cupid. He was given more than sight: he was given vision and a vow whereby love

might be perpetuated.

From the tactful and compassionate incident of Cana human love became a thing of height and depth. For thousands of years before that it had remained at earth level. So different was the new love from the old that the early Christian writers distinguished between them as Agape and Eros, spiritualized love as the projection and radiant fulfilment of mere earthly love. Christ Himself became in many ways the Symbol of the love He had sanctified, as the Son of Mary took the place of the son of Venus and love was pledged to outlast our mortal night.

"Without Christ is the same as before Christ," as the *Osservatore Romano* has lately observed in an article on modern paganism. But

by
liam
brophy



And the two shall become one . . .

in the matter of human love it is not merely the same. The difference lies in the rejection and debasement of a sublime Revelation. The lusts of the modern pagans are far more vile than those of the pagans of antiquity. The citizens of Corinth and Rome may have had occasional glimpses of the capacity for greatness inherent in love, but for the most part they emulated the passions of their incestuous gods. But the neopagans of London, Paris, and Chicago have reverted to the blind babe for their symbol, and thereby blinded themselves to the splendor of sanctified love.

None are so blasphemously blind as those who will not see. The revival of voluntary sterility is worse than the repetition of the old vice—it is raising real Hell instead of the mythical Hades. It is not the revival of the supreme sin against the natural law, it is

the calculated sin against the supernatural light.

Catholic lovers, happily married, fused together in mind and body, may truthfully say with St. James, "We have believed in love." But the lewd and lustful, who marry in haste and divorce at leisure, do not believe in love. The recent divorce rate of one in every three American marriages proves it. What is born of the attraction of the flesh, dies with the brief excitation of the flesh. Catholic lovers have lifted their love above the plane of the merely physical to a "marriage of true minds." Not sex-appeal, taught of Hollywood, but soul-appeal, taught of heaven, draws them together.

This spiritual affinity between lovers has been the theme of the world's greatest poetry from Dante to Francis Thompson. The pagans, ancient and modern, for all their morbid and monotonous de-

light in the love motive, have nowhere revealed such subtle understanding of its raptures and despairs as the great Catholic poets. Where, in the whole range of pagan poetry, has married love been so nobly sung as in the verses of Coventry Patmore?

To pagan cynicism marriage is the anti-climax of love, to the Catholic it is its beginning. Catholic lovers know when the honeymoon days are over they must settle down to the unromantic routine of hard earning and wise spending, and the countless drab details of a household. And they know there is a waiting period for mental adjustments in which the delicate plant of spiritual love may grow.

It is in this trying interval that the fair-weather plant of pagan love wilts and withers. Technicolor films convey nothing of the necessity for mutual tolerance through long, colorless days. Movie glamor does not spill over into the greyness of washdays. Only the glow of Sacramental Grace can outlast the glamor of early romance and keep a steady brightness through the years. Love without Grace is a tropical day—harsh and torrid and brief. But there must be a climate of Charity for the flowers of patience, tenderness and forbearance to grow in.

Love is most godlike when it shares the creativeness of God.

The union of man and woman means that two beings give themselves to each other from the almost desperate feeling of their own incompleteness and solitudes. One of the acts of this union God has made the very principle of life. In this union two lovers are united in the mysterious task which far surpasses their power, yet needs their bodies.

"It is the child that is the fundamental reason for the instinct that tears at us," says Maurice Zundel, who writes so tenderly penetrating on human love, "it is the child with the high dignity of his spiritual soul, with the capacity for God which is in him—as in those who have engendered—which is a demand for holiness. As this inner image grows in strength, it can and does happen that the flesh is calmed, submits more readily to the ordering of the spirit, and feels a pure joy in being in some manner associated with the ever-active fecundity of the Spirit, which propagates the divine life in the community of Saints."

The fruit of human love between Christians is the growth of the Communion of Saints. The classic Encyclical, *Casti Connubii*, served to clarify the Church's doctrine on this matter, which, even in many Catholic minds, had become blurred with romantic haziness: if the union of souls is an

absolute ideal and a necessary one, there is a threefold purpose in the union of bodies—the propagation of the species, the expression of an intimate relationship, and the fulfilment of desire.

In the Pastoral Letter of the United States Hierarchy, issued November, 1950, it was stressed that "a child is a citizen not only of this world, but of that world also which lies beyond with God." Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, and it was only logical that a secularized world which had ceased to believe in the Kingdom, ceased to want the children. The child that is born of planned parenthood will have no higher ideal set before it than of becoming a member of the community of citizens of the earthly city. The chief delight of Catholic parenthood is the thought of adding to the Communion of Saints.

But Catholic marriage had not merely the engendering of saints for its end, but also the salvation of two souls consecrated to each other in God. Each married lover has chosen and accepted the other by a true vocation that each may help the other to ascend to higher and higher levels of spiritual perfection.

"To marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel. Once you are married there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good." So the gentle Robert Louis

Stevenson recorded in his wise and whimsical essay, entitled aptly, *Virginibus Puerisque*, which might be read with practical advantage by the loving and the wed. And he noted this curious paradox, that men introduce into the intimacy of their crude lives the very being to whom they wish to appear always as brilliant and brave, as the stainless knights of Christian chivalry. But perhaps it is well that it should be so, for the judgment of a good wife from day to day cannot be very different from the final judgment of God when all our days are done, when it will be too late to ask forgiveness on all that stained our honor.

The Epistle of the Nuptial Mass reminds husbands of the closeness and sacredness of their union with their wives, symbolized by the high and holy figure of Christ's union with the Church, His Bride: "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it." For this is the test of love, that the lover should be willing to lay down his life for the beloved. "Greater love than this no man hath."

The blind of heart will never understand the sanctity of this heart-in-heart ascent to God. For the disciples of Cupid, marriage must be an affair of the blind leading the blind till both crawl into the divorce court. When the

light of lust dies out, there is left only a chill darkness and an irksome weariness. But the light of love that derives from Charity grows with the years and helps to fuse husband and wife closer together.

Marriage is very much the lovers' affair. The priest is not the celebrant of the Sacrament of Matrimony. He is merely the witness, in the name of the Church, of a ritual in which the espoused lovers are themselves the ministers. The married state produces Grace in proportion to the degree of Charity in which the couple approach the altar and support each other through lives deeply shared.

Where deep calls to deep, love

will be capable of endless renewals, never settling down to flat formalism, never allowing itself to be encrusted with commonplaces. Lives that continue to widen for mutual receptivity are broadening in their capacity for Christ. Love that is linked up to the Divine Love finds it easier to climb out of the tragedies and trivial annoyances of life. Cupid can never lift his followers out of their own littleness. But God, Who is Love, gives increase, appoints a special way to lead united souls in secret intimacy, as by a Lovers' Lane, to a Place where they will rejoice to recognize their children, and the generations coming after them, among the Blessed.

"We in America have a double responsibility because we are endowed more richly with the good things of life than are any other people in the world. We have more of the things that it takes to make a beginning toward the achievement of building that moral force in the world that alone can save humanity from complete destruction. But the world will judge America, and we in America must judge ourselves, not by our technology, even though it's the best in the world—we must judge ourselves as other people will judge us—by our ability to translate technical progress into human progress—into human happiness—into human dignity—because it is the real touch-

stone by which you have to evaluate things based upon Christian values.

"If you can get nations marching and fighting and sacrificing for hatred, for the negative ends of war, then why can't you get people marching and fighting for the good things of life and peace? For the values of love and brotherhood and the dignity of man? I say it can be done and we in America have the responsibility of pointing the way, showing that we can achieve economic security without spiritual enslavement; that human dignity can be elevated to a point where we can say—'Here is a tangible monument to our applied Christianity.'"

—Walter P. Reuther
President of UAW-CIO



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad

At 81 years of age one does not like to think of going through an operation. And so I am most grateful to Brother Meinrad because after praying to him my condition improved enough to make the operation unnecessary.

Mrs. J.G., Ohio

Please continue to pray to Brother Meinrad for my son. He hasn't had any attacks of epilepsy since the first day of September and that is better than he has done for several years. Enclosed is a dollar in thanksgiving.

Mrs. T.B., Ind.

I am enclosing a stipend for a High Mass for the glorification of Brother Meinrad in thanksgiving. I had lost a considerable amount of money which ran into three figures, ten weeks ago. I called upon Brother Meinrad to help find this money and within four days it was found.

M.M.E., Mich.

I would like to report a favor which my mother received through

the intercession of Brother Meinrad. An ear infection was greatly relieved after prayers for his help.

Mrs. A.W.M., Wis.

This letter is being written to publicly thank Brother Meinrad for the many favors which he has obtained for me. One favor in particular was to let my brother who is in the Army Air Force get into the field of work which he was in in civilian life, that of photo engraving. I wish to state that this favor, I know, was granted only through my prayers to Brother Meinrad, because out of 140 boys only two were chosen for this line of work. Words cannot express my appreciation in this matter.

J.F., Ill.

I promised to write you if my favor was granted. The doctor had said that it would be a miracle if my sister-in-law, who had already lost two babies, was able to carry a third one. She gave birth to a son and he is robust and healthy. Thanks to you for all your prayers and thanks to Brother Meinrad.

Mrs. J.C., Ky.

Brother has certainly helped us. After offering a Novena of Masses and promising publication my sister improved enough to be brought home from an institution where she had been confined. I am very grateful to good Brother Meinrad and continue to pray for his canonization every day.

S.M.R., Ind.

I am enclosing ten dollars to be used for Masses for the glorification of Brother Meinrad. I promised publication if he helped me in a financial matter. He helped me wonderfully.

Mrs. T.J.D., Nebr.



HELLO SISTER....

by sally mc hugh

Nuns will never know
until the roll is called up yonder
just how much they helped Catho-
lic Mothers and Dads

PASSING THE PHONE at about sixty miles per hour, it was a miracle I caught it on the first ring—a miracle largely due to good rubber heels. "Hi!" I hissed breathlessly, wondering what friend of mine in her right mind would call me at this impossible time of day. Three o'clock, with the kindergartener descending any second, and the three pre-schoolers all tumbling energetically out of their afternoon naps.

"Hello," said a sweet, but unfamiliar voice in my ear, "Are you Sally McHugh? This is Sister Mary of the Angels."

Good heavens, I thought, I must have flunked! for such is the effect of the religious garb, all un-

seen, even over the telephone. Recalling myself hastily to 1951, I said uncertainly, "Yes, Sister?" After all, I had graduated ten years before.

"Of course, you don't know me," she went on, "and I only know you indirectly—through a very well-received article you wrote recently. It was brought to my attention that you were a graduate of our high school. I am principal here now."

"Yes?" I put in stupidly, still unable to take in the possibility that this might be purely a social call.

"The reason I'm calling is this: there is a faculty meeting tonight. It is so very heartening to have fruits of our sisters' labors to put before them occasionally. It gives new zest to their work, naturally. I thought that if you would tell me a little about your writing,

this is Sally



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how it came about, for instance, and whether you think your years here had any part in your success, we would *so* appreciate hearing it."

"Oh, Sister, yes!" I exclaimed wholeheartedly, "they certainly did have everything to do with it! Why, the first person I thought of when my first bit was published was Sister Marina. In fact, I wrote her a note at the time because I knew she'd love to hear about it. She used to tell me all the time that I could write if I weren't so lazy." I chuckled reminiscently. "The note she sent me in reply said I must have found something pretty important to say to overcome such inertia."

"Sister Marina is still here," she laughed, "although she is not so active as she used to be."

We chatted of this and that for awhile and all the time the kinder-

gartener was making mysterious motions which were supposed to silently ask me something, while the other three wrapped themselves with varying degrees of tenacity about my person. Giving her the information for which she had called, I hastily hung up before the strange sounds of childish mayhem reached her ears.

Later, having dressed the three young ones and dispatched them to the playroom, I reflected on the recent conversation.

Sister Mary of the Angels, I thought. Lovely name. But was not Sister Every One straight from the angels?

How much do they really know about the far-reaching effects of their tireless work with half-formed minds and questing hearts, I wondered. I know so well, firsthand, how the mustard seeds of truth begin to grow almost in-

stantly; even better can I realize how the tender care of the seedling can insure a great, healthy tree to shelter others.

Every night our two-year-old kneels spraddle-legged next to his big brother's bunk bed, buries his head in the mattress, and above his yellow curly head I hear:

"Infan' Desus, b'ess me,
Teep me tose to You;
I want to p'ease You, Desus
In evvysing I do."

The five-year-old kindergarten child taught Two that prayer. Sister Maureen had taught Five. He has also taught the three-year-old the Our Father and the Hail Mary. He himself says all these prayers every night, plus "Saint Michael the Archangel," and a string of aspirations as long as your arm. Without a doubt, the younger children will soon begin to copy that, too; even the baby, when he begins to talk. Besides that, he is thumping for a daily family Rosary.

Who started this? A kindergarten teacher. She teaches far more than lip-service to God, however. Philosophy and theology, yet, to mere infants—and effectively.

One night when the Lord and Master was unexpectedly detained, the children were pressing every bit of their advantage in numbers. They had stretched the bedtime frolic from the usual fifteen min-

utes to over an hour. Physically weary and at my wit's end, I resorted to a threat which I don't approve of and had never before employed.

"If I have to come in this room again tonight to scold you, I won't love you anymore!"

They were on me en masse in an instant.

"Mommy!" said horrified Five, "you *have* to love us! That's what mommies and daddies are for! That's why God gave us to you!"

"Yes!" chimed in three excitedly, "you *got* to love us! You don't have to love our badness, but you *got* to love us!"

"Yeah, mommy, yeah," babbled Two, dancing up and down with a shocked countenance.

"You know, mommy," Five further instructed me, "'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' That's what Jesus said."

"That's right, mommy," affirmed Three, "'as we forgive those who trespass against us.' You have to love us."

"Yeah," said Two.

"You don't have to love what we do, but you must love us, like God loves everybody, good and bad," Five summed up.

Giving them all a large, weak hug, and leading a trio back to bed, exhausted by their own logic, I tucked them in for the last time,

and asked dazedly, "Where did you get all that?"

"Sister Maureen," shrugged Five; and as I looked at Three matter-of-factly, "And he teached me. Every night. Didn't you hear him?"

Then just this evening, when Five was changing into play-clothes to go outdoors, I noticed a pal of his waiting for him on the porch. "How come you're playing with Joey?" I asked uneasily, for Joey is unfortunate in his home environment with the result that his language is formidable.

"I hafta tell him about God," Five replied, "because poor Joey only goes to public school and can't learn about Him, and can't learn it's a sin to say bad words. I hafta tell him so he won't be sinning all the time." Off he went, confident that a little understanding was all "poor Joey" needed. Joey was still waiting outside to be told, too.

"Where did you get the idea you should do that?" I called after him superfluously.

"Sister told us," he tossed over his shoulder.

What a chain reaction they start, these spiritual mothers! How many, many children have these "desolate!"

We never quite forget them. The sisters remain, throughout our lives, the symbols of God's eye, watching over us with infinite

care. I have often thought I would sooner face Him with my scarred soul than face them. They know perfectly well I could have done better! This, almost, is blasphemy; but their pure faces and modest demeanor surely must have a likeness to God, living close to Him as they do.

It would be a wonderful thing if they could know the extent of their influence—their utterly childlike faith with such utter practicality—"do it now," their unfailing personal interest paying off in life-long habits of mind. How can we tell them? Can we tell them?

Not fully. Only when they go before the Judge themselves, thinking they are alone, will they find themselves surrounded by scores who call them "Mother," hundreds whom they may only remember individually as the one who bluffed in history, or the one who tried to bluff in geometry, or the one who made life seem worthwhile by listening carefully to sound advice, then acting on it promptly.

As for me, I will always hear the voice of my writing mentor, Sister Marina, having to repeat ad infinitum, "Too wordy, Sally, too wordy."

So I'll try not to be any more "wordy" than she would want me to be. I'll just say, *Thanks, Sisters, all of you!*



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abbey newsmonth

If you had been driving up the hill from the town of St. Meinrad to the Abbey Church on the evening of April 30, you would have seen a great crowd of the people of St. Meinrad parish gathering on the Plaza in front of the church. It was the evening of the May Crowning and candlelight procession, the solemn beginning of Mary's Month, the beautiful month of May. After the Monks had completed Compline and had left the Church for the evening, the members of the parish gathered there for a Hymn by the children and a short sermon. Then the procession formed for the walk to the Mary statue on the plaza. By candlelight they marchd around the plaza, singing Hymns. Having arrived at the statue, and assisted by Bobby Boehman as her Page and by a retinue of "princesses of her court," Judy Boehman placed the crown at the feet of the Virgin Mother, Queen of the May. Then the Act of Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary was made. And after a final Hymn was sung, the people, some on foot and some in cars, made their way down the hill again to their homes.—Another May had begun.

May 2 was the Feast of St. Athanasius. Many of our alumni will remember the day as the Patronal Name Day of former Abbot Athanasius. Up to the time of his death, this day was always the day of the annual mission activities. Each year the day recalls to the mind of many the venerable old man with the beard, the man whom posterity should remember as a great builder at St. Meinrad. He undertook the first extensive construction after the reconstruction following the fire of 1887. He started the present church, present library, and the main buildings of the Major Seminary. Some of us remember him for other things, too. He was an eloquent preacher of Lenten sermons; and he sang the Lamentations of Jeremias each year at the Matins of Holy Thursday in a very impressive manner. —Now his bones have lain for nearly twenty years in the shadow of the Crucifix in the Abbey Cemetery.

The Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord occurred this year on May 3. There was the usual Pontifical High Mass offered by our Father Abbot. In the evening the Abbey Concert Band, Father John conducting, entertained on the Seminary lawn in honor of the Revend Deacons who were to receive

◀ St Bede's Hall

the dignity of the priesthood at Pentecost and leave the Alma Mater.

May 5 was the Feast of St. Pius the 5th. To honor the memory of another great Pius, Pope Pius X, and in anticipation of his Beatification later this summer, Father Abbot assisted at the throne during the Solemn High Mass held early in the morning at which the entire student body received Holy Communion. Father Abbot preached a sermon of tribute to the great and holy Pope of frequent Communion and Communion for the young.

The next thing on the calendar here was the real climax of the year, the Feast of the Holy Ghost or Pentecost. It is the feast to which every seminarian from first year high to fourth theology looks forward for twelve years—the Feast which every priest ever ordained at St. Meinrad looks back to with fondest memories. It is the time of the annual ordinations.

As is usual with the Liturgy, the Feast began with its day of preparation, the Vigil, on which the Prophecies were solemnly sung and the Baptismal water blessed. The Solemn Mass of the Vigil then ushered in the Feast in all its splendor. On Pentecost Sunday Father Abbot pontificated and preached the sermon. After Vespers the crowd began to gather about the Seminary Porch, awaiting the arrival of His Excellency, Archbishop Paul Schulte, Archbishop of Indianapolis, the diocese in which we are located. As the Episcopal car

drove over the brow of the hill, His Excellency was greeted by the joyous ringing of the bells in the Church Towers. And as he stepped from his automobile at the entrance to the Seminary he was greeted by Father Abbot, Father Anselm, Rector of the Major Seminary, and by the Abbey Concert Band with Father John conducting.

In the evening of Pentecost Sunday, Tonsure was conferred. On Pentecost Monday, minor orders and the Subdiaconate were received by the First and Second Theologians and the Third Theologians respectively. Then on Tuesday morning came the great event at St. Meinrad for twelve young men. Though the class this year had thirty-six members in it, twenty-four of them were ordained elsewhere. Of the twelve ordained here, three were from our Abbey, one for the Diocese of Lincoln, Nebraska, two for the Diocese of Amarillo, Texas, and six for the Archdiocese of Indianapolis, Indiana. Ordained elsewhere were one for the Archdiocese of San Jose in Costa Rica; two for the Congregation of the Oratory in the Diocese of Charleston, South Carolina; one for Peoria, Illinois; two for Belleville, Illinois; two for Wichita, Kansas; two for Evansville, Indiana; one for Lafayette in Indiana; one for Fort Wayne, Indiana; one for Covington, Kentucky; and eleven for the Archdiocese of Louisville, Kentucky.

One feature of the Ordination this year, as in the past several years, was the oral commentary

given during the ceremonies by one of the Fathers. Those in attendance commented favorably. But of course, the outstanding thing of the whole day was that twelve young men entered the Abbey Church that morning as Deacons and walked out several hours later priests forever according to the Order of Melchisedech.

May 20 was the day of many of the first Solemn Masses. Many of the fathers attended at one place or another to preach or to assist at the ceremonies. On that day, Solemn Mass was offered for the first time by our own Fathers **Lambert Soergel, O.S.B.**, of New Albany, Indiana, **Cyril Vrablec, O.S.B.**, of Toledo, Ohio, and **Philip Mahin, O.S.B.**, of Tiffin, Ohio. Father **Rene Cyr, O.S.B.**, of Marmion Abbey, once a student and cleric here, celebrated in Aurora, Illinois. And on the following Sunday, May 27, **Father Martin Witting, O.S.B.** of Marmion Abbey, onetime Monk of St. Meinrad's Abbey and formerly of Evansville, Indiana, celebrated his First Solemn Mass in St. Benedict's Church, Evansville, Indiana.

May the 23rd was the Diamond Jubilee of **Father Anthony Michel, O.S.B.**, second senior member of our monastic family, and now in his 87th year. Father Anthony has lived in retirement for a number of years at the Abbey. He comes into the Fathers' recreation room often and regales us with history, past and present, is always in good humor, with a broad and captivating smile. And lest you think that

his 87 years have made him inactive altogether, it must be said that he can still drive a car, as he does often when he goes over to Lake

LAMBERT SOERGEL, O.S.B.



CYRIL VRABLEC, O.S.B.



PHILIP MAHIN, O.S.B.



Denning to do horticultural work about the lake shores and the nearby hillside. After the dinner in his honor in the Monastic Dining Room on the day of his Jubilee, Father Anthony briefly but impressively gave us a very thought-provoking discourse. And afterwards he went on his unobtrusive way, which we hope will bring him *ad multos annos*.

May 23 also saw, in the evening, a dramatic production, this time by the Seniors and Juniors of the Minor Seminary. It was a musical —a la western, written and produced entirely by the students.

Father Delahoyde of the Diocese of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, paid us a visit for several days near the end of the month. On his way back to South Dakota from Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., Father Delahoyde, an occasional but always welcome visitor here, brought with him three of our younger fathers, returning from their studies at the University where they received the degree of Licentiate of Sacred Theology. They are Father Camillus Ellsperrmann, O.S.B., Father Xavier Maudlin, O.S.B., and Father Odilo Burkhardt, O.S.B. After his visit of several days, Father Delahoyde took Father Odilo and the Indian boy attending our Oblate School along with him to the west where he left them off at Blue Cloud Abbey, near Marvin, South Dakota, for the summer.

May 26 was Recollection Day in the Major and Minor Seminary—a day of preparation for the depart-

ure of the Seminarians for their summer vacation. Father Louis Fuchs, O.S.B. surprised us on Friday, May 25, by an unexpected visit. Father Louis, also one of the senior fathers of the Abbey, is now stationed as assistant to Father Augustine Edele, O.S.B., at Immaculate Conception Indian Mission at Stephan, South Dakota.

Another stage in the construction of our new building, St. Bede's Hall, was reached on May 27. Begun in December of 1947, the cornerstone was laid in May of 1949. During the time since the laying of the cornerstone, the progress has been slow, due to several factors, primarily: lack of funds, difficulty in obtaining materials, and other necessary projects in progress at the same time. While not yet completely finished, the building is occupied and in partial use. And the dedication marks another step toward the realization of a goal long awaited, the satisfying of a need long felt. Father Abbot set aside May 27, the Feast of St. Bede, as the day for the dedication. He himself officiated, blessing the classrooms, corridors, dormitories—the entire interior and exterior of the building. Father Jerome preached an eloquent sermon, bringing out the manner in which religion and science work together. Among the many thought-provoking things Father said, one point brought home the scope of our work here very forcefully; it was the fact that at one end of the grounds we have the Church where the emphasis is on the daily work of God in the

Liturgy; and at the other end stands the new St. Bede's Hall, dedicated to the Arts and Sciences, which show forth the existence of God.

Father Abbot Gerald of Marmion Abbey, one of the original members of the building Committee, which under the direction of Father Abbot Ignatius planned St. Bede's Hall, was present for the dedication of the building. With him we were pleased to see two old friends, **Father Bede Stocker**, Novice Master at Marmion Abbey, and **Father Luke Bohr**, now Professor at the school attached to Marmion Abbey. After the ceremonies of dedication were over, the Seminarians got down to the serious business of "boning-up" for the examinations, which started on the last Monday of the month, May 28. The "pericula" continued until noon of May 31. And then after a half-holiday for packing their bags and putting things in order they left in the early morning of June 1 for a much needed rest and vacation.

Thus May, 1951, comes to a close. Before we put the last period to this month's chronicle, a rapid glance over the month of May brings to mind another item or two which might be of interest to our readers.

Pentecost Sunday—which happened to be also the Feast of Our Lady of Fatima this year—brought **Jose Ferreria Thedim** and his daughter, **Marie Therese**, together with **Miss Heather Woods**, Reverend **Philippe Lussier, C.S.S.R.**, Director of Pilgrimages at St. Anne

de Beaupre, Mr. **Patrick W. O'Grady**, Director of the Confraternity of Pilgrims, and the Louisville Unit of the Confraternity of Pilgrims, all of whom came to St. Meinrad to participate in our pilgrimage to Monte Cassino—a pilgrimage which has been held every Sunday in May and October for many years now, under the Direction of Father Meinrad, assisted by Father Dominic Metzler.

Jose Thedim is the sculptor of the original statue of our Lady of Fatima at Fatima. In 1948 he also carved the statue of Our Lady of Fatima which now stands in our Abbey Church.

Another item of interest is the small booklet distributed to us recently by Father Ralph, the permanent Secretary of the St. Meinrad Alumni Association. The booklet is of particular interest because, besides being a copy of the Constitutions and By-Laws of the St. Meinrad Alumni Association, it has a list of the Alumni, including the class of 1951. A list of all the meetings and all past Officers is included, and an alphabetical list of names of all members, living and dead. It goes way back to the two oldest members still living, Father Engelbert Schmitt of the Archdiocese of Louisville, now living at Nazareth, Kentucky, and Father Vincent Wagner, O.S.B., now at St. Meinrad. Both these priests were ordained in 1888. The last one mentioned in the list is Father Martin Witting, O.S.B. an Evansvillian by birth, formerly of St. Meinrad's Abbey, now a member of Marmion

Abbey. Father Martin's class are the recently ordained priests of 1951.

And now if you look back through the Ordo (or Directory) of the Swiss-American Congregation of the Order of Saint Benedict for the month of May you will be reminded of the anniversary of the death of Father Benedict Brunet in 1900, Brother Blaise Meier in 1929, Brother Gerold Ley in 1907, Father Hilary De Jean in 1947, Brother Basilides Hyland in 1910, Brother Bernardine Olinger in 1927, Father Ulric Christen in 1871 and Father Thomas Schaefers in 1942. These names can bring back memories to many—memories which go back to the Beginnings of St. Meinrad, through the difficult years, through the years when the Community was small, to the years when the Community had grown larger, down almost to the present time when St. Meinrad Abbey numbers over 200 members, of whom 124 are priests, 27 are Friars, and over 60 are Brothers.

Some of us remember best Father Hilary DeJean, the one with the great store of knowledge in English, Latin, and Greek, the excellent writer, the man with the human touch—and Father Thomas Schaefers, musician par excellence, Director of the Choir and Orchestra. Many will long remember the Sunday afternoons when we remained in Church after Vespers just to hear his improvised Organ recitals, spur of the moment things, which ran the gamut of the emotions by everything the organ

could do, from the tiniest whisper of a sound from the pipes to a crashing, thundering crescendo that made the beloved old Church rock to her foundations. His music gave joy to many a music lover; his reading of poetry and prose, in and out of class, gave many a boy an appreciation of the classics of the English Language; and his culture, kindness and camaraderie were an inspiration to all who worked with him. So—may they rest in peace.

Abbey Newsmonth Supplement

May 6 witnessed another great event in the history of St. Meinrad and of Marmion Abbey. Appropriately Father Abbot Ignatius was present at the event and preached the sermon for the occasion, the blessing and the laying of the cornerstone of the new Marmion Abbey building, which is now under construction as the first building to be erected on the 230 acre site of the monastery on Butterfield Road, 3 miles north of Aurora, Illinois.

Marmion Abbey has as its ancestor Marmion Military Academy, formerly known as the Fox Valley Catholic High School for Boys. The cornerstone of the main building of the Academy was laid 25 years ago. Begun under the direction of the late Most Reverend Peter J. Muldoon, Bishop of Rockford, the school was conducted by the Augustinian Fathers until 1933. At the invitation of Most Reverend Edward F. Hoban, then Bishop of the diocese, the Benedictine Fathers



Bishop Boylan blessing the cornerstone of Marmion's new Abbey building while Abbot Gerald and Abbot Ignatius look on.

from St. Meinrad assumed direction of the school.

Father Norbert Spitzmesser, O.S.B., was the first Headmaster and Superior of the Fathers stationed there. When the time came for the next step in the development of the project, namely, its establishment as a Priory, the first step along the way to its independence as an autonomous Abbey, Father Gilbert Hess, O.S.B., became the first Prior.

God blessed the work and prayers of the new community, and expansion made it necessary to find a new location for the monastery building. So, after much prayer and consideration, the new site was obtained and ground broken for the new building on July 16, 1950. The feast, July 16, was appropriate, for it was the Feast of Our Lady of Einsiedeln, the patroness of the fa-

mous Swiss Abbey from which Marmion derives its origin through St. Meinrad Abbey in Indiana.

The recent cornerstone laying is the second sacred function to be held at the new building. The Most Reverend John J. Boylan, Bishop of Rockford, officiated. The sermon was preached by Father Abbot Ignatius under whose regime our Fathers went to Marmion. The present abbot of Marmion Abbey, Abbot Gerald Bankert, assisted at the ceremony and closed and sealed the cornerstone, in which the various documents usual in such a ceremony were placed. Abbot Lawrence Vohs of St. Bede's Abbey, and a representative of Abbot Ambrose Ondrak, of St. Procopius Abbey were present together with over 100 priests and religious, among whom were 60 diocesan priests. Several thousand people at-



MARMION:

Scale model of the new Abbey as seen from the southwest

tended the ceremonies.

Those of our readers who know St. Meinrad would find the new site of Marmion Abbey somewhat different. The land is just slightly rolling. The property has a $\frac{3}{4}$ mile frontage and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile depth. That's what the location is like. The community, which began with 32 members (24 priests, 3 clerics, and 5 brothers) in 1947, now numbers 42 members (27 priests, 9 clerics, of whom five are novices, and 6 brothers). This spring two of the young men of the community, Fa-

ther Martin Witting of Evansville, and Father Rene Cyr of Aurora, were ordained to the priesthood.

Well, my little chat with my readers has been overlong this time. My index fingers are tired of pounding the "Royal" now. And anyway, the bugs are gathering about my candle, lured indoors from the cool darkness of a summer night. So I'd better put the final period to this. But when the end of June draws near, I'll sit myself down at the desk in my cell and tell you the latest from here.

Clement Score, O.S.B.

Des Moines, Iowa: Johnny had seen his mother measure a yard by holding one end to her nose and the other at arm's length. One day he came running in with a piece of rope. "Here, mother," he said, "smell this and see how long it is."

SPARK

SUNDAYS AFTER PENTECOST

by

conrad louis, o.s.b.

School of Perfection

THE SUNDAY Masses for July continue the lessons of the season after Pentecost: practical charity as the perfection of the Christian way of life. The Gospels are the principal means of instruction. In them we meet Christ coming to our minds and hearts with light, guidance, and help. We come to Mass to meet Him, learn of Him, receive Him, and take His lesson home with us for the week.

The following meetings with Our Lord present Him in heart to heart talks with us. In fact, He seems to be helping us to examine our conscience about our true love of Him and our neighbor.

The Mass for the eighth Sunday after Pentecost brings us a very pointed lesson. It shows us how reasonable it is for us to live a life of love and service of our neighbor if we profess to believe in God and love Him. God's great command-

ment is love, love for Him and our neighbor. Each of us will be judged and rewarded on the basis of our fulfillment of that commandment of love.

Every word of the Gospel is directly from the Master; so these must be words of life! In His lesson on charity Our Lord shows us how zealous, determined, and even diplomatic we should be in this life of charity. He proceeds, with a twinkle in His eye:

A wealthy business man had a superintendent who was reported, correctly or falsely, as squandering his resources. When the superintendent saw that he would be released, he decided that he had better ingratiate himself with as many of his employer's clients as possible so they would be kindly disposed toward him when his rainy day would come. For that reason he was lavishly generous to the creditors. Notice the zeal and intentness of this schemer in his eagerness to please. He did not even

take care to treat all alike; he gave some more, some less. Of course his motive was bad and his action dishonest, but even his master (not Our Lord!) commended his method and admitted that he was alert and shrewd.

By seeming to praise an unjust servant Our Lord intrigues us into a more careful study of the point of the parable. A parable usually limits itself to a single point, ignoring the accompanying details, as, for example, the injustice of the man's action. In the present parable *zeal and quantity* of the defrauder's charity are the object of the lesson. The worldly-wise work hard and

sometimes even steal for money, often with a show of great love and charity. Do we with our high and noble Christian motives and ideals strive and strain thus for spiritual gain? If we are wise and clever Christians, we do.

If in the past we have not been very successful in a spiritual way, we can make our own the words of this Sunday's secret prayer. In union with the perfect charity of Jesus Christ, we can offer to God our time and energy which we have spent and are spending for our children, parents, wife, husband, relatives, friends, the needy, poor, and destitute. Such a dedication will



sanctify our lives and make of them a perfect act of charity, united with and part of the life of charity of Jesus Christ. In that way money, the mammon of iniquity, can make friends for us before God for all eternity. When money fails, these friends will rally to our cause and tell God that we did this for them in His name. He will reward us as if it had been done for Him, for He said: "As long as you did it to one of the least of these, you did it for Me."

Such a motive for our many sacrifices makes them easy and pleasant, and when we unite ourselves more fully with Christ in them, especially as we receive Him in Holy Communion, we certainly taste and see that the Lord is sweet (communion). Such an ideal gives us a share in Christ's strength to work, suffer, and sacrifice for our children, relatives, pupils, patients, and clients in such a spirit as to truly heal us both in mind and body (post-communion).

A Word of Warning

The ninth Sunday brings a sober warning. The life of charity which should be so normal and reasonable for the Christian is not always popular. It can be forgotten, disregarded, and rejected. In fact, many people do reject the call to the Christ-life.

In the Gospel for this Sunday we see Christ weeping. This is a mysterious thing, the God-man weeping. Why does He weep? Because so many have missed His teaching and failed to follow His example. They are the cause of their own ruin. In Christ's day it was Jerusalem that rejected His teaching. In our day

it is the people we live with, often ourselves. Christ weeps, for He knows that God will not force our free wills. So failure is possible, and many people do end up in spiritual bankruptcy. If only the way of love were known and appreciated as it should be! If only part of the cleverness and energy of the worldling would inspire our spiritual quest. If we only knew those things which are for our peace!

We need not, however, become discouraged. God will be Our Helper and Savior if we go to Him and take His words seriously (introit). His love knows no bounds (collect). The only real danger, the only real obstacle that stands between us and eternal happiness is our own bad will. We can stop His grace, thwart His hopes, tempt Christ (epistle) and leave Him weeping (Gospel). A worldly way brings its harvest of pain, sorrow, death, and damnation; but His way is sweet and marvelous if we follow it in love (offertory). Our oneness with Him sacramentally in Mass and Communion should make us one with Him in the practical service of charity (post-communion). This is our ideal.

A Word on Humility

Last Sunday we were embarrassed to find that our zeal for charity wasn't nearly as lively as the zeal that the man of the world has for money. We were sobered by the thought that our zeal can even grow so cold that we may give up our effort to become perfect Christians. Worse still, we may even miss heaven altogether. Such thoughts are humbling. In the Mass for the tenth

Sunday after Pentecost we beg God for pity, mercy, and the grace to attain the heavenly goal (collect). We offer ourselves to Him (offertory) and hope to learn from Him who is meek and humble of heart (secret). Our humility makes us trust in Him and listen eagerly to His teaching (collect, secret, and post-communion).

Our Lord puts the accent on humility with another of His striking lessons. After listening to the story of the pharisee and the publican, we must ask ourselves: am I the pharisee or the publican?

Have I been going along with a thoughtless, self-centered, watered-down Christianity, smug in my physical presence at Mass and parish devotions? Do I make a show of charity at the collections, give a few dollars from my abundance, a few hours from my leisure? Do I feel that the Church needs me and give my name to a few Catholic clubs and societies, take a few Catholic periodicals, even go so far as to attend an occasional lecture or retreat? Does my service end there? Do I feel a smug satisfaction with all this?

Or do I say with the publican that I have yet to begin, that I am doing so little, almost nothing approaching heroic charity? Why not say that I will begin, I will do more for others, I will not be ashamed of my faith, my sacrifices, and my charity. If I have a large family, many poor friends, and many charitable projects, they all multiply my love and service and gain heaven for me (offertory and secret). God appreciates the sacrifices (communion),

and His help will never be lacking to those who trust in Him and go to Him in the divine sacraments for the strength to keep on serving others for His sake (post-communion). We will never be the loser for our humility (introit and offertory)!

From Words to Deeds

Having been humbled and disposed, we are ready to learn a lesson in kindness. After praying for the grace of a love and kindness like Christ's own (collect), we look up to see Him in the midst of His life of helpfulness (Gospel). He is showing us how *He* did it.

He was a victim for charity. In the Gospel story He was coming from the North where He tried to get away for a little rest, but He could not keep His whereabouts secret. When people like the Syrophenician mother of the possessed girl came to Him, He could not refuse them. They brought Him a deaf and dumb boy. He gave him His whole attention. He accommodated His kindness to the boy's understanding. Since he could only see and feel, Jesus made signs and motions; He touched his tongue and ears. He made no show, but thoughtfully took him a little distance away from the crowd. He left him the happiest man in the world.

How many thousands of people are afflicted with deafness. Is there a family or a circle of friends that does not know some? They are of all ages and walks of life. How do we treat them? In a Christlike way? Do we go out of our way to accommodate them?

And the dumb. There are the lit-

tle children too young to talk but not too young to be understood. How many are dumb for lack of listeners? How many could be taught to talk better, at least morally and spiritually. So many need to be helped in learning to speak to God.

Some need to be taught to speak to God for strength to help the deaf and dumb. They will use this Mass to pray to Him Who made both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. By freely dedicating ourselves to this phase of the life of Christian charity in the sacrifice of the Mass we will get strength to carry the burden of caring for the afflicted (secret and post-communion). The use of our faculties for the aid of the afflicted will be a great means of thanking God for the many blessings of health and integrity we too readily take for granted (communion).

Go and Do in Like Manner

We are eager to continue our works of charity, and pray for the grace to literally run the way of love (collect), the royal road that kings and prophets longed to see (Gospel).

Often enough, our excuses for standing still in the spiritual life are very flimsy. We pretend that we don't know where to start or how to go about the business of serving others for Christ. Jesus' answer is as practical for us as it was for the lawyer of the Gospel:

A Jewish traveler, perhaps a salesman, was going down from the capital to Jericho. The road is one long hill, descending some 3000 feet in the space of few miles. Bandits often lurked about midway where a

victim could be spotted long in advance. This man was beset by robbers and left half dead on the road. Perhaps they left him in that condition because they were in a hurry, but more than likely they did it to frighten any followers. Perhaps the priest who came along after the incident was intimidated by the sight of the wounded man. He may have feared that the victim had been left as a trap for some unsuspecting soul. It is probable, however, that he passed by the ordinary Jew because an ordinary man was an "untouchable" for him, a priest. The levite passed on hurriedly too. Both could have been expected to stop and help a countryman in such dire need, for they were men of reputed sanctity. The Samaritan, on the other hand, was considered selfish, irreligious, hard hearted, half pagan. He would be expected to pass by the Jew and enjoy the opportunity, because the Jew and the Samaritan were traditional enemies (Cf. John 4). Strange to behold, the Samaritan was moved with compassion, risked his own safety, gave the injured man first aid, took him in his arms, and held him on his own mount as he himself walked. He acted as private nurse during the night, and on leaving gave the hotel keeper fifteen or twenty dollars for his care and permission to run up the bill as much as his kindness and ingenuity would dictate, promising to pay all expenses when he returned to visit the poor fellow on his return trip!

It could not have been difficult for the lawyer to see that any per-

son you find in need and trouble is your neighbor and the worthy object of your christian love. Neither can it be difficult for us to realize that the charity Christ taught was for everyone. If we believe Christ is God and that He taught us the way of salvation, we must take His exemplification of His ideal in the Good Samaritan. Did He not say to us: "Go and do what he did?" To do otherwise would make us the most foolish of men. If he is God, He teaches the right way. This is His teaching; so we should go all out for His ideal of charity.

We need not go far. Charity of a heroic nature can begin right at home. Your baby in the play pen, the children in the yard, your husband home from work, the little girl around the corner who would be enraptured by tea for two, the sick woman across the street, your neighbor in the hospital, the driver in the car behind you, the aged pedestrian at the corner, the clerk in the store, the people you work with, the people you work for, the people who work for you, the man looking for a job, the family looking for a

home, the lonely, the forgotten, the bereaved... all are your neighbors and opportunities for exercising your Christlike charity. Jesus says: "Go and do for any or as many of these as possible what the Good Samaritan did for the poor Jew."

With such an ideal before us we generously put ourselves and all our resources on the altar to give glory to the name of Christ and Christian (secret), knowing full well that our neighbors, friends, and relatives will take a toll of us, but knowing too that such sacrifice will bring cheer to the heart, smiles to the face, and strength to the soul (communion). In anticipation of the rewards of Christlike charity we pray to be quickened by the spirit of Christ coming to us in Holy Communion and making us equal to all our hopes, desires, and opportunities for Christian charity (post-communion). We will need the strength of the Eucharist, because He said we should try to go and do what the Samaritan did, and when we stop to think about it, the Samaritan went a long way in his love of his neighbor (Gospel and post-communion)!

Norfolk, Virginia: The housewife was interviewing an applicant for a job in her household. "Do you know how to serve company?" she asked. "Yes, mum," replied the applicant, "both ways." "What do you mean, both ways?" inquired the housewife. "So's they'll come again or stay away."

SPARK

religious book selection

Millions of children have tasted the sweetness of Christ in Communion because of Blessed Pius X's decree on early and frequent Communion published 41 years ago.

CHILDREN'S COMMUNIONS

An excerpt from the decrees of Blessed Pius X on frequent and early Communion.
A Grail Publication.

THE PAGES of the Gospels plainly testify to the special love which Christ showed whilst on earth to the little ones. It was His delight to be in their midst; He laid His hands upon them; He embraced and blessed them; He was indignant when they were repulsed by His disciples, and He reprimanded the latter in the following words: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God" (Mk. 10:14). How highly He prizes their innocence and simplicity of soul He shows when, calling a little one, He said to His disciples: "Amen I say to you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greater in the kingdom of heaven. And he that shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me" (Mt. 18:3-5).

IN THE EARLY CHURCH

Bearing this in mind, the Catholic Church from the beginning took care to bring Christ to the little ones through Eucharistic Commun-

ion, which was given even to the sucklings. This, as was prescribed in almost all the ancient rituals till the thirteenth century, was done at baptism, and the same custom prevailed for a long time in some places. It is still in vogue with the Greeks and Orientals. But to avoid all danger, lest the children should spit out the consecrated host, the custom obtained from the beginning of giving the Holy Eucharist under the species of wine alone.

The infants did not, however, receive Holy Communion only at Baptism, for they frequently afterward partook of the divine repast. It was then the custom in many churches to give Communion to the children immediately after the clergy; in others, to dispense to them the small fragments left over after the Communion of the adults.

REQUIREMENTS

The age of discretion required for Holy Communion is that at which the child can distinguish the Eucharistic from common and material bread and knows how to approach the altar with proper devotion.

A perfect knowledge of the arti-

cles of faith is, therefore, not necessary. A few elements alone are sufficient. Nor is the full use of reason required, since the beginning of the use of reason, that is some kind of reason, suffices. Wherefore to put off Communion any longer or to exact a riper age for the reception of the same is a custom that is to be rejected absolutely and the same has been repeatedly condemned by the Holy See. Thus, Pius IX, of happy memory, in the letters of Cardinal Antonelli to the Bishops of France, given March 12, 1866, severely condemned the growing custom existing in some dioceses of putting off Holy Communion to a maturer age, and rejected the number of years as fixed by them.

The Sacred Congregation of the Council on March 15, 1851, corrected a chapter of the Provincial Council of Rouen in which children under twelve years of age were forbidden to receive Holy Communion. This same Congregation of the Discipline of the Sacraments, acting in a similar manner in a case proposed to it from Strassburg on March 25, 1910, in which it was asked whether children of twelve or fourteen years could be admitted to Holy Communion, answered: "Boys and girls are to be admitted to Holy Communion when they arrive at the age of discretion or attain the use of reason."

After seriously considering all these things, the Sacred Congregation of the Discipline of the Sacraments, at a general meeting held July 15, 1910, in order that the above-mentioned abuses might be removed and the children of tender

years become attached to Jesus, live His life, and obtain assistance against the dangers of corruption, has judged it opportune to lay down the following Norm for Admitting Children to First Holy Communion to be observed everywhere:

THE MIND OF THE CHURCH

1. The age of discretion required both for Confession and Communion is the time when the child begins to reason, that is about the seventh year, more or less. From this time on the obligation of satisfying the precept of both Confession and Communion begins.

2. Both for First Confession and First Communion a complete and perfect knowledge of Christian Doctrine is not necessary. The child will, however, be obliged to learn gradually the whole catechism according to its ability.

3. The knowledge of Christian Doctrine required in children in order to be properly prepared for First Holy Communion is that they understand according to their capacity those mysteries of Faith which are necessary as a means of salvation, that they be able to distinguish the Eucharist from common and material bread, and also approach the sacred table with the devotion becoming their age.

4. The obligation of the precept of Confession and Communion, which rests upon the child, falls back principally upon those in whose care they are, that is, parents, confessors, teachers, and their pastors. It belongs to the father, however, or to the person taking his place, as also to the confessor, as the Roman Cat-

echism declares, to admit the child to First Holy Communion.

5. The pastor shall take care to announce and hold a General Communion for Children once or several times a year, and on these occasions they shall admit not only First Communicants but also others who, with the consent of their parents and the confessor, have been admitted to the sacred table before. For both classes some days of instruction and preparation shall precede.

6. Those who have the care of children should use all diligence so that after First Communion the children shall often approach the holy table, even daily, if possible, as Jesus Christ and Mother Church desire, and that they do it with a devotion becoming their age. They should bear in mind their most important duty, by which they are obliged to have the children present at the public instructions in catechism; otherwise they must supply this religious instruction in some other way.

7. The custom of not admitting children to confession, or of not absolving them, is absolutely condemned. Wherefore local Ordinaries will take care that it entirely abol-

ished, even by using canonical punishments.

8. It is a most intolerable abuse not to administer Viaticum and Extreme Unction to children who have attained the use of reason, and to bury them according to the manner of infants. The Ordinaries of places shall proceed severely against those who do not abandon this custom.

These resolutions of the Eminent Fathers, the Cardinals of this S. Congregation, have been approved by our most holy lord, Pope Pius X, in an audience given on the seventh day of the current month, and he has commanded the present decree to be published and promulgated. He has commanded all the Ordinaries that the present decree shall be made known not only to the pastors and the clergy, but also to the people; to whom it shall be read yearly at Easter time in the vernacular.

The Ordinaries themselves will be obliged at the end of every five years to give an account of the observance of this decree to the Holy See, together with the other affairs of their dioceses.

from

Frequent and Early Communion
A Grail Publication — 10¢
St. Meinrad, Indiana

A shipping clerk in a New York City department store received a \$50 prize for turning in the best suggestion of the month. He urged that the sign "Complaint Department" be removed and another sign substituted: "Department of Misunderstandings."

Word Study

movie of the month

"The Great Caruso"

by

seamus
fleming

EVER SINCE Mario Lanza was discovered, both by the producers and by the fans, his vocal prowess has been built up, at least in the press releases, to such an extent that it should come as no surprise to find him playing "The Great Caruso." After a movie company recovers from the shock of finding among its properties a young, personable tenor with a voice of semi-operatic proportions—one, in

addition, who somehow turns into a matinee idol for large sections of the younger and not-so-young generation—the casting as Caruso is the next "logical" step.

Frankly, if it were not for the peculiar requirements of the films, the step would be far from logical to anyone who has heard the original Caruso, even if only on phonograph records which are, admittedly, poor reproductions of his voice. Caruso so far outshines Lanza that the film seems like a typical example of sending a boy to do a man's job. Compared to the man he is supposed to be playing, Lanza seems like the soloist at the high school concert—he may have a good voice, but he doesn't quite know what to do with it.

I have no intention of running down Lanza himself; he has a fine voice, even though it is a long way from Caruso's. It is only in comparison with a real artist that he suffers; compared with the general run



Mario Lanza as Caruso



of popular or movie-type singers, he is somewhat amazing.

To be a great artist, a singer needs more than a good pair of lungs and that gift of God, a beautiful voice—he has to know how to use them properly. Your true artist is not the man with the wild, uncontrolled talent, but the man who has his talent disciplined, trained; who knows what he wants to produce, and goes ahead and produces it.

This is one of the major differences between Lanza and Caruso. Lanza, it is true, has a beautiful voice (whether as beautiful as Caruso's I will not argue here, though I doubt it), but, in comparison with Caruso, almost no technique. Caruso had not only a beautiful voice, but a wonderfully controlled and flexible one. For the control Caruso had, for the expression he could put into a song, Lanza substitutes volume—which is really not an adequate substitute for emotion, particularly when the music does not call for volume.

As I said, this is not intended as a

running-down of Lanza or, indeed, as an argument against seeing the movie. I merely wish to register a complaint against the common Hollywood biographical fault of making every one of its subjects a little smaller than life. The producers never seem to realize that a biographical movie might be much better (and perhaps even more popular) if it were really biographical—instead, they decide that real life isn't interesting enough, and turn biography into second-rate fiction.

This movie has that fault, and doubly: not only does it distort the facts of Caruso's career, but it might succeed in convincing people that he was a success because he was a handsome young man with a beautiful and loud, though untrained voice. Actually, Caruso's career was evidence that people will sometimes appreciate true artistry. As for looks, photographic evidence will show you that the handsomeness can be ruled out as a reason for Caruso's success.

In spite of the above, I would still recommend the movie as a family

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"A time when a young man's fancy turns toward. . . ."

picture—not as a film about Caruso, but as a musical, because as a musical, it is a good one. Actually, the plot, though it follows, in general Caruso's career, is intended as nothing more than a frame-work from which to hang a large number of songs—operatic arias, popular songs, and the in-between type which uses a light classical or semi-classical melody and new words (for instance, "The Loveliest Night of the Year," one of the better songs, which was also a big hit in Caruso's day as "Over The Waves.")

Lanza does solos, duets with Dorothy Kirsten and Blanche Thebom, and once in a while he sings with what seems like the whole state of California as a chorus behind him. The music is, for the most part, good music, well presented, and hap-

pily lacking in that attitude of embarrassed reverence toward classical music which usually makes such movies so uncomfortable; the story is fairly smooth and amusing, even if not precisely accurate.

If you like music, I think you will like this. However, don't go expecting to hear Caruso, because you won't.

* * *

"Five" is one of the new types of horror story, as you might expect from the grisly pen of Arch Oboler, and definitely not for children. It is a story of the world after an atomic war, terrifying in itself, and even more terrifying in the atmosphere we live in today.

The title derives from the fact that, in this version of the day after tomorrow, only five people are left

FIVE

Starring:

William Phipps
Susan Douglas
James Anderson
Charles Lampkin
and Earl Lee



alive—four men and one woman—preserved from the effects of the blast by various coincidences, like being down in a mine, or on top of a skyscraper, etc. By an even more curious coincidence, all five arrive at the same spot, to begin a new world, travelling from all over the earth to do it.

By dramatic license, I suppose, every playwright is allowed a small bag of coincidences to hold his plot together; however, unless he is writing an out-and-out allegory, he should make some effort to have his coincidences seem at least likely. Oboler doesn't; he seems to have decided that he wants his story to be about the only five people in the world, that they must be examples of all the common types of humanity—bullies, rebels, saints, rich, poor—and the woman pregnant, just to add to the effect, that he wants to show the ruin and desolation caused across the world by the war, and that he doesn't care how probable he makes it seem as long as he manages

to get all these ingredients into his stage-setting.

If you can accept all his improbabilities, however, the story is an engrossing one; it is the story of the attempt of these five people to unite into a community and begin the world anew. It tells their conflicts with each other and with the elements, and their final failure, when their little world is destroyed, as was the larger world, by man's brutality to man.

This is, in essence, a hopeless story, since Oboler seems to feel that, as long as you have human beings, you are going to have brutality and war; his message, if he has one, is that the human race will always destroy itself, every chance it gets. It is a thesis to which no Christian can conscientiously admit; perhaps for this reason, as well as Oboler's artistry in horror, the film can be guaranteed a hair-raiser—if you can enjoy being frightened, go see it.

* * *

The British have made a film version of "Oliver Twist", which is a marvellously accurate rendition of Dickens' novel and has, for this reason, been banned in several countries, particularly those which were until lately Nazi. The cause is, of course, Dickens' Fagin, the vicious old Jew who makes thieves out of children—in some communities, it is feared, this will arouse violent anti-Jewish feelings; in others, equally violent pro-Jewish feelings. This fear is, to some extent, understandable; the film is so well done, Fagin

so well portrayed, that one could leave the theatre with a violent hatred of the old man, and in a community where the Jewish question is a touchy one, it could easily be transferred to the old idiocy of the indictment of the whole people.

However, if you are a Dickens fan, and can take his portrayal of the Jew with the necessary grain of Christian salt, this is a fine evocation of the letter and the spirit of Dickens' England, and a beautiful job of movie-making.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES

For the Family

Broken Arrow: One of the first, and best westerns from the Indian point of view. Both action and intelligence in this one.

Go For Broke: Van Johnson and Nisei troops of the Army; a tribute to the wartime heroism of the Japanese-American soldiers.

Kon Tiki: Pictorial journal of a trip from South America to the islands of the South Pacific—by raft. A beautiful and exciting film.

Skipalong Rosenbloom: Maxie Rosenbloom, parodying the TV cowboys, and completely expressionless throughout.

Wooden Soldiers (or Parade of the Wooden Soldiers): Reissue of Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland," made some twelve or more years ago, with Laurel and Hardy—still a good show for children, and some adults.

• For Adults

Annie Get Your Gun: The Irving Berlin show, with Betty Hutton in Ethel Merman's part of Annie Oakley. Amusing, with lots of music.

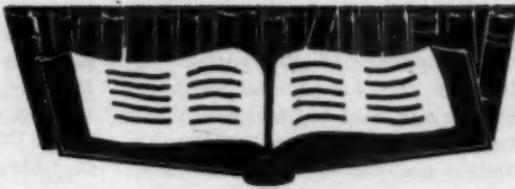
Brave Bulls: A picture about a bull fighter who loses his nerve. Fairly authentic, if you want to find out about bull-fighting.

Countess of Monte Cristo: Another in the series built on Dumas' famed adventurer. Rapiers and lace collars, if you like costume films.

Jackpot: Jimmy Stewart as the man who wins a radio jackpot, and what it does to his quiet, peaceful home. True story, from the New Yorker, and very funny, mainly because it is true.

Spectre of the Rose: A re-issue of a Ben Hecht story about a mad ballet dancer. Fine, off-the-beaten-track story and acting.

Good Reading



Through Eastern Eyes

■ **Seeds of Hope**

■ **Everybody Calls Me Father**

THROUGH EASTERN EYES. By Henry van Straelen, S.V.D. Grailville Publications, Loveland, Ohio. 162 pp. \$3.50.

"One of my American friends was explaining to an Oriental that the latter's customs seemed queer to him. 'Well,' said the Easterner, 'I notice that your countrymen sometimes wear dress coats.' 'Yes, they do,' was the reply. 'And they wear buttons on the coat-tails.' 'Yes.' 'Which they never button.' 'Yes.' 'And could not button if they wished, for there are no corresponding buttonholes.' 'Yes.' 'Well, to me that seems queer.'

"Could it be then that we Westerners are the ones who are queer? The answer of course is that neither the Western people nor the Orientals are queer, but we are different from one another.... We differ from the Orientals not only in language, in traditions, in point of view, but in the very type of mind and processes of thinking. Our two life streams, to use that beautiful Oriental metaphor, do not merge. They do not even flow in parallel directions."

With these thoughts Father Henry van Straelen, a missionary of some twenty years' experience in the Far East, begins his difficult task of delineating the Oriental culture and personality. How singularly fortunate we are to have available this absorbing and authoritative interpretation of the Orient at the very time the "great debate" over Far Eastern policy is raging in Congress! *Through Eastern Eyes* boasts of an inspiring introduction by Msgr. Sheen and seventeen plates mainly of contemporary Christian art from the mission fields, but even these two features appear insignificant before the sensitive portrayal of Eastern character and culture given by Father van Straelen.

While reading *Through Eastern Eyes* one is struck by its resemblance to General MacArthur's address to the joint meeting of Congress. What the General said about the resurgence of the Orient is emphasized with even greater conviction by Father van Straelen, who holds a Doctor's degree in Japanology from Cambridge University.

General MacArthur stated: "What the (Asian) people strive for is... the realization of the normal nationalist urge for political freedom." Father van Straelen affirms, "When we turn to the East, everywhere we find a growing national consciousness expressing itself in revolt against Western domination." The General's words, "What they (the Asian peoples) seek is friendly guidance, understanding, and support, not imperious direction," are echoed in *Through Eastern Eyes* by "The love of a pure and charitable heart, and the Oriental peoples are extremely sensitive to the presence of such a love, forms a bridge which can span all the differences of race, temperament and nationality."

This book may be divided into two general sections. The first is a careful exposition of Oriental character and culture; the second, a list of suggestions for missionaries going to the East.

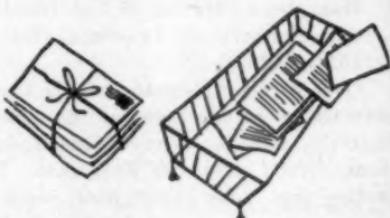
Father van Straelen aptly illustrates one of his suggestions—in talks to the Chinese, to avoid the Gospel parables which mention animals—by this quaint story: "One day a picture of Our Lord carrying a lamb on His shoulder was shown to a little Chinese child. 'You are that little lamb which Our Blessed Lord is carrying so carefully and lovingly,' the priest told the boy. The child thought it over for a while and then said in a decisive tone: 'I am not that lamb; the lamb is an animal and eats grass. I am a human being and eat rice!'"

Although this technical missionary portion of the book is by no means

unimportant or uninteresting, the great appeal of the book for Americans lies in its magnificent insight into the Eastern mind. It will open the eyes of those whose only concept of the Oriental is that of the "heathen Chinese" and whose mission activities consist in giving a dime to Susie for her Holy Childhood dues.

If the Orient has been a closed door to you, as it has been to many of us Americans, this book is the key which will open its mysteries and help you see it *Through Eastern Eyes.*

—Mark Toon, O.S.B.



SEEDS OF HOPE. By the Rev. John M. Oesterreicher. Pio Decimo Press, Box 53, Baden Station, St. Louis 15, Mo. 68 pp., heavy paper. \$1.25.

One of the saddest sentences in the litany of miseries compiled from World War II concerns the Jews of Europe. Of approximately 9½ millions living before the war, only 3½ millions remain today. The other 6 millions suffered cruelty sometimes beyond imagining.

Among those who escaped this black plague was the Jewish convert, the Reverend John Oesterreicher. Fleeing from Austria in 1938, he settled in Paris where he studied and wrote on the problems confronting his people. Since 1940,

he has lived in the U.S., gaining a reputation as a popular writer and preacher. The theme of his work centers around presenting the Jewish question as a religious issue, as a mystery of faith.

In the present booklet by Father Oesterreicher, we have five sermons. These were delivered on the eve of the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the next to the last day of the Church Unity Octave. This is a day given over to prayer for the conversion of the Jews. The sermons were preached in the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola and Blessed Sacrament Church in New York, and at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, D.C., over the span of years from 1945-1949.

Sermons are not often presented as popular reading. It takes a well-written sermon to stand the test of close reading. But the importance of this topic, and the close, clear reasoning with each sermon justifies such a publication as this. Probing deeply into the murky waters of anti-Semitism, Father Oesterreicher shows the illogical, almost blasphemous color of such an attitude. Of this outlook, the fiery Léon Bloy once wrote: "Anti-Semitism, an altogether modern thing, is the most horrible blow which our Lord has received in His Passion that continues forever; it is the most bloody and the most unpardonable, because He receives it upon the face of His Mother, and from the hands of Christians."

With a few clear paragraphs, the complexity of the Jewish problem is

set down by this Christian Jew. The weight of guilt rests first on the Jews themselves, who sinned a sin of segregation. It was not the infant Church which drew away from the synagogue, but the synagogue from the Church. Israel mistook its privileges for rights. Yet, a similar guilt belongs to Gentile Christianity. We were to live the gospel of the ineffable Jew, Jesus Christ. We were to live it so well that the nation of Christ's blood could not then resist His appeal through us. Moreover, we are obliged to draw them to Christ, for we owe the Jews so great a debt. As Pius XI said: "By Christ and in Christ, we are the spiritual descendants of Abraham. No, it is not possible for Christians to have any part in anti-Semitism.... Spiritually we are Semites." But in the face of all this, we have failed.

These five sermons will open windows through which the light of truth can pour into puzzled minds. A quiet half hour with this booklet will do more good than lengthy and heated debates on the Jewish question. If further reading is necessary, take down your New Testament and read the genealogy of the Son of God set down at the beginning of St. Matthew's Gospel.

—Hilary Ottensmeyer, O.S.B.



EVERYBODY CALLS ME FATHER. By Father X. Sheed & Ward, 830 Broadway, New York 3, N.Y. 180 pp. \$2.25.

Here is easy reading for teens and twenties. The gay, personal reminiscences of "Father X" are told in the everyday language of American youth. Sentences are short. Jokes and quips flow fast. Paragraphs usually end with a playful pop!

"Father X" flashes a few sidelights on his first five years of working as a parish priest, sparing none of the sparkling personal details. That explains the "X."

The young people of "St. Rose Parish" appear as the main characters in most scenes, but the ball games and adolescent oddities, the problems of courtship and family life, the tremendous struggle for purity—all are seen through the bright, young, tender eyes of "Father X."

Although the author violates grammar rules galore, mixing up verb tenses and bursting into meaningless exclamations in the current American way, his story develops artfully, weaving his favorite young folks in and out of the tale. The frolicsome and serious threads are neatly spun to provoke profitable thinking between laughs.

Of course, this little book does not present a complete portrait of the young parish priest and his labors. But "Father X" contributes some delightful color to the picture. "Stuffed shirts," whether their collars button in front or back, will probably be bored by this book—unless they split their sides laughing at "Father X's" wit and humility. But *Everybody calls Me Father* is sure to be easy and enjoyable reading for Catholics in their teens or twenties.

—Blaise Hettich, O.S.B.

FIDES PUBLISHERS have just released an unusual photographic brochure on *The Mass*. It has all the verve and attractiveness of the Sunday rotogravure section. The photographs are interesting...if you aren't careful, you forget that you're looking at a religious publication. The reading matter, translated from a similar album published in France, is simple but profound, and sometimes startling. People who like pamphlets will find this big one a real bargain at 15¢. We recommend it very highly. Ask for it at your local bookstore or parish pamphlet rack.

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Announcing...

POPE PIUS X DAY

A day of experience, instruction, and inspiration in the communal singing of the Gregorian Chant.

Priests, Sisters, Seminarians, organists, choir directors, and anyone interested in the official prayer-song of the Church are invited.

This day was instituted to commemorate the beatification of Pope Pius X and to promote the ideals of his *Motu Proprio* on church music.

The high point of the day will be the Solemn Mass at which all present are invited to sing, Mass 10 and Credo 1. After the Mass there will be a lecture-forum on: *The Mind of the Church and Sacred Music*. . . . In the afternoon, Priests, Sisters, and lay people will meet in special groups. Informal discussion will provide a chance to share experiences and ideas about the various problems connected with promoting the communal singing of the Chant. . . . Actual group singing will be an integral part of the whole program.

St. Meinrad's Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana; 53 miles east of Evansville and 75 miles west of New Albany on highway 62.

Sunday, August 19, 1951. The day will begin with Solemn High Mass at 9:30 A.M. (CST) and close with Vespers at 4:00 P.M. (CST).

Bring along a *Liber Usualis* or a *Kyriale*, if you have one. Registration fee will be \$1.00 to cover all incidental expenses. Sandwiches and soft drinks will be sold on the grounds.

"Our nation is sadly in need of a rebirth of the simple life—a return to the days when God was a part of every household, when families arose in the morning with a prayer on their lips, and ended by gathering together to place themselves in His care. If there is hope for the future of America; if there is to be peace and happiness in our homes—then we, as a nation, must return to God, and the practice of daily family prayer."

J. Edgar Hoover

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Our Back Cover Thought . . .

Bear patiently one another's infirmities.
Rule of St. Benedict, Ch. 72.

THE most difficult of arts is the art of living together peacefully, and it is impossible without the constant practice of charity for one another. St. Benedict realized that men of various temperaments and peculiarities could not live together in community without some friction. He knew that there would be open dissension if the oil of charity did not lubricate the relationships in his monastic homes. Hence he paraphrases St. Paul's words which occur almost daily in the ferial office of sext: "Bear one another's burdens; and so you shall

fulfill the law of Christ."

St. Benedict is careful to indicate the way we get on one another's nerves...by the defects of our body, blindness, deafness, debility accompanying old age, perhaps clumsiness, or even body odor...and by the more annoying defects of our character: by our slowness, crankiness, vulgarity, or even moral weaknesses.

The family in the world can borrow this wise rule for human relations from St. Benedict and begin patiently to put up with the inevitable bodily or moral infirmities of the members of their own household.

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RAIL



OR WOULD
YOU RATHER
BE A MULE?

THE fat man sat down beside the little priest in the day coach and heaved a sigh of animal contentment. A \$3.75 dinner reposed snugly behind his expansive waist. He lit a cigar, leaned back, and spread a smoke screen around himself and the padre.

The priest coughed and tried to see the next verse of psalm 31 in his breviary. It must have been amusing because he grinned. "Be not like the horse and the mule," he read with a chuckle, "who are without understanding."

The fat man heard the softly murmured words and the chuckle, and turned to the priest. "What's that you just said, Reverend?"

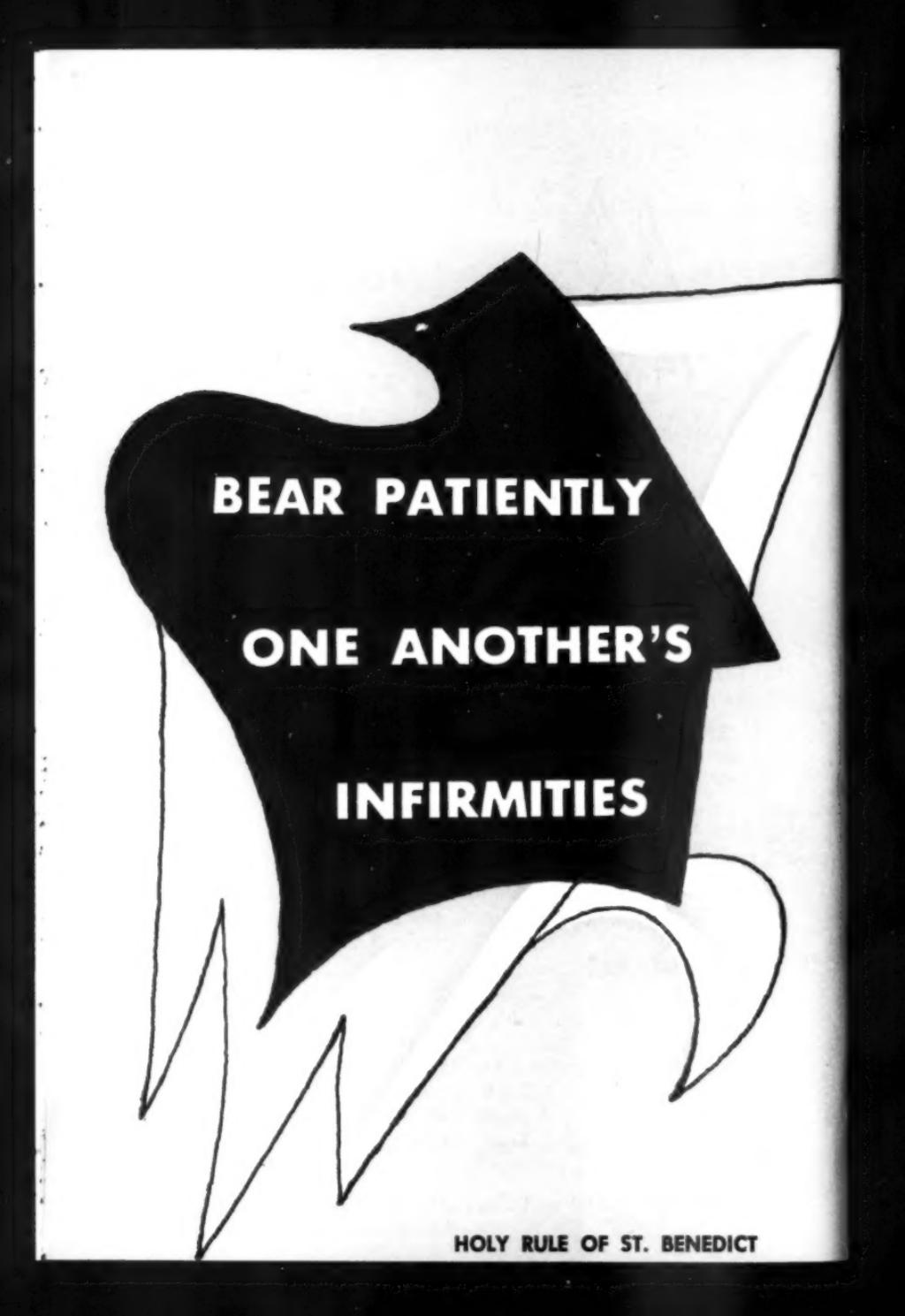
"Never mind. I was just praying."

The fat man puffed another smoke screen. "Fine, fine, a great thing... religion. I'm all for it. Now you take me, Reverend. Religion's a simple thing with me. I just live and let live. I don't get drunk, and I don't swear or commit adultery or steal from anybody. I just live and let live. That's me."

The little priest's eyes twinkled mischievously as he peered at the man over his spectacles and kept his thumb in his breviary. "You know," he said, "I met somebody out in the country the other day who has a religion like yours. He doesn't get drunk or swear or commit adultery, and he never stole from anybody either."

The fat man grinned appreciatively, "That so? What was he... a farmer?"

"No, my friend," said the padre, "he was a mule."



BEAR PATIENTLY

ONE ANOTHER'S

INFIRMITIES

HOLY RULE OF ST. BENEDICT

